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The Week

EVERYBODY, asserts Lloyd George, is satisfied with what happened at San Remo. By "everybody" he means, of course, himself, Millerand and Nitti. The remaining population of the globe might also be satisfied, if they knew exactly what agreements were made, or even what agreements were entered in the minutes. What it is good for the peoples to know, Lloyd George has set forth at some length before the House of Commons. There had been misunderstandings between France and the other Allies, but these, happily, were all cleared up. The alliance, says Lloyd George, has been placed on a firmer basis than ever. Like other things that Lloyd George says, that may be true.

THERE had been an issue of great import between England and France—something quite other than a misunderstanding. Might any one of the Allied Powers, finding that the Treaty had been violated, proceed to enforce it in its own way, or was the consent of the other Allies to be a prerequisite to action? That was the real issue raised by the French occupation of Frankfort and Darmstadt. What solution was found, if any, remains in the secret minutes. The French are to retire to their own side of the Rhine when the Germans have met certain requirements, not made public in detail. As for the published report that the French troops will remain until German disarmament has been effected and until coal deliveries from the Ruhr go forward, Lloyd George pronounces it "inaccurate." Does that mean that it is untrue? If it is untrue, the inference would be that the French have agreed to wait upon common consent before proceeding to enforce the Peace Treaty.

ONE extremely important result of the Conference is the clear enunciation of the principle that delay in the execution of the clauses of the Treaty is not to serve as a pretext for French annexation of the Rhineland and the Ruhr coal basin. "Very powerful personages" in France had been working for that. But the British view is that this would be to repeat the calamitous mistake Germany made in annexing Alsace-Lorraine. "Britain would have no hand or part in any annexation in Europe." And Millerand "sincerely gave assurances that the vast majority of the people of France were just as much opposed to any policy of that kind as the people of Great Britain. That declaration is embodied in the minutes of the Conference. I attach enormous importance to it."

FOR the first time it has been agreed to invite German ministers to meet the Allied ministers in open conference, to discuss ways and methods of enforcing the Treaty. That is unquestionably a great step in advance. It gives the unhappy German democratic government a chance to recover some of the prestige it lost through the period when its international position was merely that of

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a recipient and transmitter of the drastic orders of the conquerors. Whether the result will be the fixing of the indemnity at a practicable level remains uncertain. The French are not yet through with the illusion that a reasonably certain thirty billions of marks is worth less than one hundred billions on paper, the demand for which serves only to make German economic recovery impossible.

POLISH incursions into the Ukraine look as baldly imperialistic as anything that is happening anywhere in the world. The Poles once ruled over the Ukraine. They ruled it as alien conquerors, detested by the Ukrainian population so thoroughly that after hundreds of years the Poles are still regarded with dislike by the Ukrainians. On the basis of that unhappy episode in imperialism, the Polish extremists claim the whole Ukraine today. They think they can take it, since the government of Petlura is little more than a shadow. "French influence" is said to be egging them on. Besides, as Walter Duranty reports in the Times, "Poland has a big army which she does not dare to demobilize as there is no work to give ex-soldiers. . . . General Pilsudski evidently considers it wiser to keep the army busy against the Reds than either to disband it or let it eat its head off in idleness." If that is really the official Polish view it is improbable that the Polish state will wait long for reorganization. Poland will never stand securely until she has learned to content herself with honest work on her own soil.

JOHN SPARGO, who published not so very long ago a book that knew all about the Bolsheviki and the inevitable disorders under which Russia must suffer so long as the Bolsheviki remain in power, now comes forward, in a Sunday Times article, with the common sense proposal of an unpacked American commission to visit Russia and find out what its condition really is, in order that America may have reliable information on which to act. The general tone of the article is that of an honest man who is not so sure as he once was that all his beliefs in the matter have been well grounded. It is all the more pity that he should attempt to make Red propaganda out of the movement for trade with Russia through the cooperatives. The fact is that when the liberals of America and England launched that movement, there was actually a cooperative organization independent of the Soviets. Mr. Birkenheim was the principal source of information as to its independence, and neither Mr. Spargo nor any other informed person questions Mr. Birkenheim's competence and good faith. It was believed by friends of the Russian cooperatives that if the privilege of importing necessary supplies were accorded them, their prestige aud power would be so well established that the Soviet government would be forced to let them alone. If Mr. Spargo does not know it, it is time that he found out that the Soviet Bureau here was never in sympathy with the movement for trade through the cooperatives. Well, the Allied and Associated governments refused to grant the privilege of trade to the cooperatives. They refused to gamble on this one certain anti-Bolshevist constructive force in Russia. The cooperatives, having nothing to give that the Soviet government could not give, succumbed. They were absorbed into the government. When that had happened Lloyd George generated his plan for dealing with the cooperatives, but not with the Soviet government. That involves a futile and foolish distinction now. It was none the less a good distinction once, and Mr. Spargo, having after all the instinct of a scholar rather than that of a politician, ought to see it, and seeing it, he ought to admit it.

BAKU has fallen to the Bolsheviki, according to reports that look authentic. That means the pulling out of one of the important pegs by which the British had hoped to nail down the world's petroleum supply. In this aspect the matter is not one of great importance. With Mesopotamia and Persia in her hands Britain is well supplied with petroleum in the Near East. What is more serious is that British prestige must suffer in a region where prestige is the main defence of important imperial interests. The anti-British parties in Turkey, Persia and Afghanistan will attach exaggerated importance to this apparent success of the Soviet influence. It is a natural consequence of overtrading with inadequate means.

JAPAN may be gaining military prestige, but she is losing moral prestige by her Siberian policy. Nothing whatever has come from Japan that makes the seizure of Vladivostok seem anything but an act of brutal aggression. The atrocity tales that have been set afloat to justify further operations in territory that belongs to the Russians look extremely diplomatic and fishy. They serve merely as a basis for forecasting further aggression. The behavior of the Japanese toward the Czecho-Slovaks, still seeking their troubled way back to the western front, is not calculated to conciliate western opinion.

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Still less is their behavior toward the inter-Allied railway administration. Evidently the meaning of the late war is not clear when translated into Japanese characters.

IS the failure of the United States to grant the right of self-determination to the Philippines analogous to the failure of England to grant self-determination to Ireland? For our own part, we believe it is. And if, following Ronald McNeill's suggestion, the House of Commons were to pass a resolution in favor of Filipino self-determination, America could not take it amiss, certainly if it were made clear that the resolution had no more diplomatic force than a Senate resolution on Ireland. That our relations to the Philippines is purely a family affair, which foreigners must politely ignore, is a position most Americans would admit to be untenable. We imagine that we are handling the Philippines well, but if we are suffering under an illusion transparent to all the world, our true friends ought to try to open our eyes, even at the risk of offending us somewhat.

ON July 10th the Committee of 48 will open its national convention at Chicago. The call which it has issued is an uncompromising challenge to both of the old parties. "It has become clearer with every sun . . . that they are but rival lackeys to great monopolies; that they are bankrupt of democratic purpose and have made their peace with a treasonable reaction." The call denounces autocracy, encroachments upon the rights of labor, private mismanagement of railways, the scramble for capitalistic concessions abroad, the conditions making for agricultural decay. It evinces the spirit of the late Progressive party, intensified by the experience of the recent years. Politicians are making merry over the attempt at launching a party without other capital than a stock of ideals, even though it is a stock that a majority of Americans might well take at par. The old, well-oiled machines look so much more powerful. But politicians are apt to forget that even the most efficient machine goes eventually to the scrap heap, after collision with such ideals as the Committee of 48 espouses.

KNOX for President is something the Old Guard would, no doubt, like very much. They are looking for someone who would play straight party politics, and they do not find that sort of man in Wood, Johnson or Hoover. They would rather win, of course, with any kind of Republican than lose the election to a Democrat, but they feel fairly certain that they can do better. Knox, however, does not seem plausible as a serious choice. He would appeal as strongly as Wood to the business classes and as strongly as Johnson to the irreconcilable opponents of the League of Nations. He would draw heavily upon the German vote as the first American political leader to denounce the peace terms. But labor and the farmers would look upon him as a candidate of Wall Street and the corporations. That is a feeling that the Republican leaders, for all their confidence in victory, can hardly care to challenge.

MAY DAY has come and gone in peace. The nation-wide plot of disturbances and assassinations, denounced in advance so vehemently by Mr. Palmer, failed of even one per cent realization. Palmer and Garvan, according to the Times report from Washington, "appeared to believe that the advance announcement of the proposed demonstrations by the Reds had produced the desired effect." Most other persons appear to believe that there was no such plot at all, but that Mr. Palmer was drawing on his imagination, as he has done on too many occasions. The Department of Justice is under obligation to its own honor to proceed with the arrest and conviction of the plotters, if it knows of any. It is not enough that would-be assassins have been foiled of their victims for one particular day. They ought not to be left at large. If the Department of Justice really has no evidence of a plot, it has proceeded in an intolerably autocratic fashion, locking up hundreds of men on suspicion, besides trying to throw a whole people into a panic of fear. With the President still unable to give close direction to the government it may be possible for Mr. Palmer to hang on without ever making good on his big words. That is not, however, compatible with the dignity of the government of the United States.

POLITICALLY the Soldiers' bonus ranks with the most dangerous explosives left over from the war. "I intend to vote against the bonus," says Congressman Pell. "I am doing this in the full realization that it means the end of my political career, and I can tell you that it is a painful thing to commit suicide." Those who vote for the measure will not perish politically at the hands of the soldiers, but some of them will perish nevertheless before they have found means of paying the bonus. Shall it be a sales tax? The increased cost of living would be laid at their door. Shall it be a retroactive war profits tax? There would be a decided

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slump in the market if such a tax were agreed upon, and possibly a panic, to cry for vengeance upon its authors. Shall it be a loan? Our national credit will look none too good, and it will actually be none too good, if Congress sets out on the road of the appropriation of billions to a body of voters, really on no better ground than that those voters demand the billions. The demand for a bonus today is by no means so urgent as the demand for service pensions will be in a few years.

LOUIS F. POST is not to be impeached, but is to be condemned instead, and a request for his dismissal is to be laid before the President. So it is reported from the House Rules Committee. Impeachment costs would be heavy, since the accused would force an investigation of the charges against him. Condemnation costs will be low, because all they require is hearsay, prejudice and partisanship of which the Committee has aplenty.

Concerning Mr. Hoover

MR. HOOVER'S response to the New York Tribune's question about the issues of the campaign differs radically from General Wood's response. The General attempted in two short columns of print to state his views on the half dozen biggest problems of the day. Mr. Hoover does not even try to state his, and adds that nothing significant can be said in the short space of a newspaper article. "I am for all these things [the League, budget, reduction of prices, civil liberty, etc.], but I wish to call attention to the fact that they will be put forward in every party." Mr. Hoover declines to state the "solution" not because he knows less about the problems than do his opponents but literally because he knows so much more. He knows how inordinately complex modern economics is, how deceptive and misleading catch phrases may be. His is the genuine open mind.

How is an open mind like Mr. Hoover's to be distinguished from an empty mind? Chiefly by his past record. When Mr. Hoover says that "our people have an ideal of world service," you are listening to a man who has acted on that ideal in the five most difficult years of our generation; when Mr. Hoover says that we must formulate "specific economic steps by which the rise in prices" may "be checked and equilibrium restored" you are listening to a man who has lived day in, day out with all that those words imply. They mean what they cannot possibly mean in the mouth of a man who neither in his private nor his public capacity has ever dealt with any of the large factors of modern business. Mr. Hoover can say that the specific measures elude easy definition, and increase people's respect for his intellectual integrity, whereas the same words uttered by an amateur candidate or a professional politician would be mere evasion.

But the very same criterion which justifies faith in Mr. Hoover as a man of ideas and administration raises certain inevitable doubts about him as a leader and a politician. It is not necessary to prove that in intellectual equipment he is unsurpassed among the candidates. No one has denied that since the beginning of the Hoover boom. What has been challenged, and fairly challenged, is Mr. Hoover's capacity as a popular leader to assure himself of the kind of support without which competence and knowledge cannot be made effective. Since January that has been the great question about Mr. Hoover's candidacy. It is a question that could not have been answered before he became an avowed candidate, for the reason that Mr. Hoover was untried in partisan politics. He had done brilliantly as an appointed official. But he had never sought office, he had never managed party alignments ,he was alien to the methods of politics. His original supporters, including the New Republic, discounted this inexperience on two grounds, first, that he has shown great capacity for securing popular support by moral leadership in all his work for Belgium, the Food Administration, and the European relief; and second that an undoubted popular eagerness for Hoover existed. On the one count about which there was the most doubt, namely his political skill, there was a strong presumption in his favor. It was a presumption that could be tested only after he had become a candidate.

Only a confirmed optimist would claim that the presumption is verified at the end of the fourth month of the Hoover boom. Nothing has happened to convince any skeptic that Mr. Hoover can reconstruct the Republican party into an instrument of the liberalism he professes. Mr. Hoover's own sincerity is not disputed, nor his ability, nor his equipment. What is in dispute is Mr. Hoover's judgment of the political forces with which he has to contend. When he tells us that the American people have an ideal of world service, his statement may be accepted as significant; but when he says that the Republican party must enunciate *and practice* a social ideal that does not tolerate either socialism nor the centralization of wealth and the domination of capital, only people with very short memories will accept that without further evidence.

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Mr. Hoover has not only failed to supply that evidence, but he has failed to indicate what he would regard as the evidence. Every one knows that the Republican party is not going to declare for socialism. Every one knows equally well that the party is not going to practise socialism. Every one can conceive the Republican party's declaring against the "domination of capital," but who has any reason for knowing that it will not practise the domination of capital? How will Mr. Hoover know? How will the rest of us know that Mr. Hoover knows? Mr. Hoover's chief political adviser said the other night that all the Republican candidates were good men, and indicated that while he preferred Hoover he would accept any one. Now if that is true, or thirty per cent true, then there are no candidates and there is no party in the United States that is reactionary. That is just not so. There are powerful reactionary forces in America. They are supporting some men, and they are in some party. They are undoubtedly supporting certain Republicans, and they undoubtedly have great influence in the party. How does Mr. Hoover propose to deal with them? What evidence is there that he can control them if by accident they should agree to his nomination?

Those of us who believe in Mr. Hoover may be ready to suppose that even if he were nominated by the Republican dark forces he would never yield his liberalism or his independence. But there are hosts of people who will not take Mr. Hoover on faith, who have been fooled several times in the past, and insist justly on some better proof. They cannot disguise the fact that Mr. Hoover today is growing in strength with the reactionaries and declining in strength with the progressives, that he is gaining in popularity with a paper like the New York Tribune and that a paper like the World now finds it difficult to say as much for him, that he has chosen to contest publicly the isolation policy of Hiram Johnson, but not the militarism of General Wood. They do not understand why the ungenerous form of isolation preached by Johnson is so much more obnoxious to Mr. Hoover than the aggressive jingoism of Wood.

These are the doubts that Mr. Hoover's successive statements have increased rather than dispelled. Somehow or other, whether because he is badly advised, or because he is a little confused by politics, or perhaps because his personal sensitiveness is so fine that he has shrunk from the mazes of his political problem, for one reason or another his candidacy is failing to fix and organize the kind of support which he probably needs to be nominated, which he certainly needs in order to succeed if elected. He is not revealing that capacity of leadership and that political sagacity, which a President must have no matter how good an administrator he may be. The proof of that assertion is the fact that with great odds in his favor Mr. Hoover will go to the convention without an organized following, and as a queer sort of dark horse. He doesn't have to be considered by the convention. He may be considered, but not for reasons that conform very closely to Mr. Hoover's own ideal of the party.

The probabilities are of course that he will not have much chance in a convention where the Old Guard and Johnson each have at least decisive negative control. In that case, the question of Mr. Hoover's party regularity will arise. He will have to decide how loyal he is obligated to be to a party which is not loyal to the ideals he professes. He will have to determine how far he is committed by the tactics of these last four months to partisan Republicanism.

The Armenian Swindle

WHERE the responsibility lies is matter for secondary consideration. The primary consideration is that it can not be concealed from anybody that the Armenian question is drifting toward a settlement that is nothing short of a colossal swindle perpetrated against whatever democratic instincts there are anywhere. Why did the American or any other democratic people enter the war? To keep one kind of flag floating where another was trying to plant itself? To vindicate one nation's title to lands and mines and trading privileges as against the claims of another? Not at all; but to avenge the wrongs inflicted by conscienceless aggressors upon innocent persons; to make impossible the unending series of tyrannical acts and insults and injuries that follow naturally upon conquest. The statesmen may have speculated in strategic frontiers and the financiers in profitable properties. We, the people, consented to war because it was intolerable to contemplate the massacres and floggings and forced labor perpetrated in Belgium and northern France, the agonies of submarine murders and the hideous decades of oppression that must follow if such crimes were crowned with victory. Democratic sympathy with the oppressed and cruelly maltreated was the motive to which every statesman had to appeal to win real, popular consent to the sacrifices of war. It is the only respectable motive for war; all else is sheer crime. And the statesmen recognized this, in playing upon this motive to the practical exclusion of everything else.

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Now the democracies have the right to demand an accounting of the statesmen into whose hands the labor and agony of millions of men placed free disposition over the fortunes of conquered empires. What have they done to remedy the monstrous iniquities perpetrated during the war and to prevent the recurrence of similar iniquities in the future? What they have done on European soil we need not here inquire. Where the demands of popular sympathy have coincided with the territorial claims of the traditional nationalist or the economic aspirations of the financier, the statesmen have granted those demands satisfaction, according to their lights, none too clear, to be sure. What they have done, or have in contemplation in the matter of Armenia, where selfish national aspirations are not in question and democratic sympathies alone are involved, is something quite different. The surviving Armenians are to have in hostile Turkish territory a small, defenseless pocket, devoid of anything like adequate natural resources, in which the fire of independent nationalism may burn itself out in international intrigues and be forgotten forever.

Consider. The wrongs suffered by invaded Belgium and France were unimaginable in their hideousness. Their redress was worth the awakening of a remote continent. But compared to the crimes committed against the Armenians they were light. One million men, women and children were brutally massacred; tens of thousands of women and girls were carried off into the most abominable slavery. There was at any rate a wretched escape from the rod of the German administrator in bending to his will. There was no escape from the Turk but death. There will be no other escape in future, according to the determination of the statesmen, for the one half of the Armenian people remaining at the mercy of the Turk.

But what could the statesmen do about it, ask their apologists. Two hundred thousand Armenians of military age, who might have helped to defend the frontier of a real Armenian state, are unhappily slain. The remnant are powerful enough to hold only what no one, not even the Turk, wants. It is impossible for the western nations to find the money and men to keep the peace in the six Armenian vilayets and Cilicia while the scattered fragments of the race are reassembled and while the boys who have escaped murder or mutilation are growing up to powers of defence. Impossible: what nonsense! Impossible to find in all Christendom fifty thousand men to volunteer in the best cause ever offered to democracy. Impossible to find a hundred million dollars among nations that were able to pour out many hundreds of millions in an attempt to crush the Soviet republic. All that the impossibility amounts to is the reluctance of the statesmen to perform one single act of disinterested humanity.

England can not defend Armenia; France can not; Italy can not; they have their hands full defending what they have got out of the war. America will not. Will not? Why? We have not signed the Treaty; we are not members of the League; we look with suspicion on the mandate principle, and therefore can not take a mandate. What kind of reasons are those to advance, for a people that pretends to democracy and Christianity? If we really wish to carry out our moral obligations, we can find a way.

Let us remember, there is an Armenian government, recognized by our own, with which we can carry on international relations, without the aid or consent of any other nation whatsoever. We can conclude an offensive and defensive alliance with it, if we choose; we can stipulate, if we choose, the acceptance of the service of advisers, military and financial, to administer any help we may care to give. The determination of the boundaries of Armenia, at least as against the Turks—perhaps not as against the French in Cilicia—will be left to the arbitration of the President of the United States, if the American people choose. Our Congress is averse to voting the money that is required? It need not vote any money. The Republic of Armenia, recognized and diplomatically supported by the United States, could raise in America the money it required on its own security or on no security. The millions of Americans who have contributed to Armenian relief—to the relief of a people apparently hopelessly doomed—would subscribe to a loan to place Armenia on its feet. Three hundred thousand Christian ministers could be made into bond salesmen for humanity's sake.

The money would be forthcoming. But the men? There are Americans who would enlist for service of this kind, if they knew that the enterprise of building a new nation were to be seriously undertaken. Besides, the United States is not the only country in which volunteers for a free Armenia could be enlisted.

The statesmen of Europe have failed to find an Armenian solution that does not outrage democratic sympathies. That does not absolve American statesmanship from the obligation of finding a possible solution. And if American statesmanship fails, that does not absolve the American democracy. It can find a way, if it will. Shall Armenia live or die? The American people are free to choose.

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A Conservative Financial Program

THERE are Americans who call themselves conservatives because they conceive of conservatism as a convenient shelter for their own private interests. There are other Americans who are real conservatives, convinced of the fundamental soundness of existing institutions, or at least ready to give the existing institutions the benefit of the doubt and disposed to look to removable defect rather than to inherent nature for the grounds of apparent corruption. The New Republic does not speak for either variety of conservative. But the latter kind it recognizes as an inevitable and necessary factor in the state, with essential functions to perform. Especially in the domain of public finance, in times like these, we listen for the voice of the true conservative. And we do not hear it. The changeling conservative alone is audible.

The true conservative must recognize that there is nothing so potent to disrupt an existing political system as excessive taxation, bearing unequally upon different classes and industries, except a reckless attitude toward the increase of public debts. Taxes destroyed Charles I and British absolutism; taxes and debts destroyed the ancient regime in France; taxes and debts made a sinking hulk out of the mighty empire of the Tsars; what taxes and debts will do with France, Italy, Germany and Central Europe it will take thousands of historians to record. We have our own problem of taxes and debts. Half a billion a month raised from the taxpayers; interest on debt exceeding our aggregate expenditures of four years ago: that is almost a financial revolution, in itself. And with this colossal expansion in our revenues and expenditures has come a looseness of financial conceptions that infects both politicians and people. Propose to your Congressman a tax that might be guaranteed to raise twenty millions without anyone's feeling it. "Thank you, we're not bothering with small change." Propose an addition of twenty millions to an appropriation bill. No great argument will be required to convince, at least if there are votes in it. And even when it comes to billions, insistently demanded by powerful political interests, like the ex-service men, how feeble is the opposition. How shall we raise the money is the first question asked, as if the desirability of the expenditure were beyond all doubt. And the financial doctors are immediately at hand, with prescriptions for new taxes or new loans.

The condition is one that every true conservative must contemplate with concern. But what is he doing about it? After the Civil War there was an energetic effort made by the conservatives to deflate the currency and to reduce the war debt. Much of the public was made to see that clearing off the debt was an object of national striving of the same essential character as financing the war. The British conservatives of today are following a similar course, but more consistently and rationally. There is no yielding to the business clamor for tax reduction; on the contrary, the excess profits tax is established at a higher rate, in order that progress toward debt reduction may be made while times are good. Why are not our own conservatives carrying on a propaganda for debt reduction? Surely they must have enough of a sense of popular psychology to know that it is only by the adoption of some such object that the tendency toward popular extravagance can be displaced by a desire for economy. The American people, as individuals, do not save for saving's sake, but for some tangible object. Still less as a nation can they be expected to economize for the sake of economy, or even for the sake of relieving large incomes of surtax or excess profits of the obligation of contributing to the Treasury.

We do not mean to imply that the true conservative would regard the existing war taxes as sacred, not to be touched by amending hands. There are many readjustments he would propose in these taxes. Nor do we imply that he would be content with these taxes alone. It is evident to all that our national finance is standing on a rather shaky base. One quarter of our revenue comes from the excess profits tax. That is very well in time of prosperity, but if a depresssion came on excess profits would disappear and with them the revenue. Another quarter of the national income comes from the individual income tax. This revenue would shrink under depression, though not so seriously. The corporation income tax would also be affected decidedly by depression, as would also many of the other items of internal revenue, such as the tax on transportation. The customs revenues would be none too stable. In view of the fact that any commercial depression that may come in the near future is likely to be exceptionally severe, as a result of the unstable character of the price structure, it is not an unduly alarmist conclusion that our aggregate federal revenues may fall off one-third, or about two billions, if we encounter a severe commercial shock. This would bring our income dangerously near the irreducible minimum of expenditures.

Contemplating such a situation a conservative would seek to supplement existing revenues with

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others that would hold their own tolerably well in spite of depresssion. A doubling of the estate duties would bring in another hundred million with fair certainty. An additional two hundred million could be got out of tobacco; a hundred million out of tea, coffee and sugar. The movies and other entertainments could stand a hundred million more than they now pay. If the "small change" of ten million and twenty million sources were carefully counted, some additional hundred millions could be had, to make up a billion that would not respond too acutely to changes in business conditions. We should be much better guaranteed against a time when the Treasury might otherwise be forced to draw upon the banks for funds urgently needed by general business.

The pseudo-conservative would object that such a program offers no relief from the taxation that now absorbs much of the funds needed to provide capital for industry. The true conservative would also be solicitous about capital for industry, but he would find those funds, not through relieving of taxes those who can personally afford to pay, but through applying such revenues as are derived from the excess profits tax and the supertax to the payment of the public debt. If the government takes a billion from the recipients of excess profits and returns it to the banks in the extinguishment of floating or funded indebtedness, the billion dollars has not been withdrawn from industry at all. It is there, for purposes of industrial flotation, just as definitely as if it had not served the purposes of debt reduction. And the country is by so much securer in its solvency. Nor has class discontent been aroused by the levy of new taxes on luxuries of wide use accompanied by the reduction of taxes falling on the rich.

If our conservatives had a financial program to put forward, it would follow such lines as are indicated above. But the conservatives remain silent. They leave it to Wood to talk about postponing the payment of the debt, to Hoover and Butler to talk about cutting off the profits tax, to chambers of commerce to agitate for sales taxes to relieve the rich, as if it meant nothing at all, from the conservative point of view, that the kind of spirit is gaining head that animated populism, with its hostility to large private capital on the one hand and its predilection for public munificence on the other. The day of the conservative in finance would appear to be done; so torpidly does he respond to an urgent situation. If that is the case the time is ripening for a radical program of decidedly different objective. For the present state of visionless financial proposals is not one that can endure.

The Lessons of an "Outlaw" Strike

THAT the great wave of "outlaw" strikes which has for the past year attacked almost every industry in the country should at last have swamped the railway workers, always among the most disciplined and conservative of labor unions, shows how deep is the unrest throughout all the ranks of labor today. So far, the other unions shaken by the unauthorized strike have been vulnerable in proportion to a membership of immigrant and undisciplined workers. The intense restlessness, the demand for immediate action after unionization of the newly organized workers accounted for the railway shopmen's and expressmen's strikes. Other outlaw strikes or "vacations" in trades of long union experience have been the expression of a revolt of the rank and file against agreements made by their leaders, sufficient in normal times but made inadequate by sharp rises in the cost of living. And as was the case with the printers and the longshoremen, the strike also involved the struggle for leadership between two factions of union officials.

But the railwaymen's outburst was not caused by an inflammable temperament nor accompanied by intrigue with the I. W. W. and the Communists. Their grievances were so ancient, so clear, so unbearable that the accumulated impatience of many months forced them to an emotional, spontaneous outburst in which they soon found themselves violently opposed and attacked by all their regular leaders. When men hitherto so conservative strike so suddenly, with no funds, no leadership, facing the risk of losing their seniority rights and their insurance, the blame rests chiefly on a government that refused to pay a proper price for the responsibility it required of the Brotherhood officials. Balanced between the slumbering hostility of public opinion on one side, and the growing impatience of the men on the other; forced, by the government's neglect, to neglect their own rank and file, uneasy at the growing protests of the men, but afraid to appease them by drastic action, the Brotherhood officials were evidently in an impossible position. It was made more impossible by their own remoteness: the officials never satisfactorily explained the situation to the men; feeling only the comparatively endurable pressure of public opinion, they were incapable of judging the mood of men who felt the pinch of actual want.

The men struck without plan or premeditation, first here, then there, in spontaneous outbursts that were far more the emotional expression of disgust and impatience than a conscious plan to secure re-

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cognition of their demands. It was not until several days after the beginning of the strike that they formally announced its purpose. The public, thanks to the newspapers, conceived the strike as a conspiracy fomented by the familiar and convenient household demons of the day, the hobgoblin Bolsheviki; the bogey-men of the I. W. W. Above all, its secrecy alarmed them: what seemed to be the suddenness, the mystery of a plot was in reality the spontaneous action of a group so long disciplined in trade unionism as to require little leadership. The lesson of the coal strike was repeated: though deprived of leadership by injunction, men long drilled in trade union discipline need no guidance in the expression of their sense of grievance. By the time the strike reached the point of negotiation, new leaders had been developed. And as in the coal strike, there was little or no violence. Further than that—certain services were allowed to continue: milk trains and wrecking crews were allowed; in general the mails were not interfered with; the railwaymen showed unusual discipline and self-sufficiency.

Leadership—to what extent the men needed it at all—was developed in the course of the strike from new and unknown men, local officials, not salaried, but wage-earning members of the rank and file. In the first sudden confusion of a strike, leaders spring spontaneously from the mass, which turns to those who best express its momentary mood of revolt. Such men become leaders by necessity, by opportunity, and not experience. They may understand the workers, they cannot at first realize the necessity of an appeal to public opinion which is the stock in trade of a seasoned official. Here is the explanation of the secret meetings that convinced many of Lenin's intimate connection with the plot. Railwaymen have always been rigidly disciplined by the roads not to talk in case of an accident. And it is surprising that the reporters should not have remembered this rule in the case of this general accident to the railway system. In the face of this iron rule and the fact that all railway lodge meetings—like most union meetings—have in the past been closed to the public, it is not surprising that the green leaders at first failed to tell the public the whole story. And there was no connected story. Men in one place struck in ignorance of what other men were doing elsewhere. When at last the lines of the new organization had somewhat settled, the insurgents gave out a temperate and lucid statement, which showed to what extent strategy had been developed in the new leaders by its request that the Railroad Labor Board consider their demands.

One of the most important and interesting results of the assertion of the insurgent leadership and rank and file was the creation of the new industrial union, the United Railway Workers of America. In the east this was spontaneous—in Chicago, the Yardmen's Association, a small organization that for three months had not very successfully been attracting malcontents away from the regular organization, soon included others than yardmen. Its constitution had features familiar in almost every insurgent organization, political or economic, every rebellion against the entrenched power of the machine. Workers, always jealous, often suspicious of their leaders, must, when in revolt, be given by the new leaders guarantees that will make the old machine impossible: the initiative, referendum and recall are the backbone of the Yardmen's Association. Lacking the prestige and respectability of the old leaders, their ability to command by sheer personality, the new leaders must strengthen their position by giving great powers to the rank and file. They must from the start appear servants and not leaders. There were other protests against the machine: dues were lowered, to admit the younger element who find it hard to pay $75 or $100 for the privilege of belonging to one of the Brotherhoods; the Yardmen's Association Constitution requires that none of its officials shall receive a salary in excess of the wages he secures for the workers. The old fraternal benefit society character of the Brotherhoods is quite inefficient: the insurgents demand "a labor organization and not an insurance company."

The revolt was against the inflexible autocratic machinery of the Brotherhoods. But it went much further than the demand for reforms— it suddenly took the form of an insistent demand for an organization on industrial lines. Among no American workers has pride of craft been so strong, and distinction between crafts so carefully preserved. The breaking down of these distinctions and this pride, almost in a day, showed the intense feeling that when grievances are in common organization should be common, too. This feeling, not only confined to men on the operating end, extended also to some of the newly organized men: railway clerks, shopmen and maintenance-of-way laborers went out on strike along with the others. The feeling of common emergency must be very deep, indeed, the unrest at white heat, to start organization of an industrial union. Perhaps this was merely a temporary union in defense of a grievance, and it is impossible yet to tell to what extent industrial consciousness has been acquired. The trainmen have started a bitter campaign to call a convention to oust their old officers. Each organization may conduct its own fight to clean out unrepresentative

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leaders and an outworn machine, without common action for an industrial union, but, whether or not the old divisions reassert themselves, the idea of industrial solidarity may yet take a firm hold on the minds of the men. Many of them have at last grasped the fallacy of four separate organizations dealing with the same employers in the same industry, and have instinctively begun to want a more inclusive union of railway workers.

The confusion of this new industrial union, confined absolutely to railway workers, with the one big union idea of the Industrial Workers of the World is absurd, but among readers of the press, quite natural. Where the present industrial union is merely a bid for a more coherent organization of Railway Workers only, the I. W. W. would try to include the railway men in a union and a strike of all transportation workers. The "I. W. W." has become a symbol for all convenient industrial disturbances and those who in their hysteria hurl the epithet at any incomprehensible action of labor are as little in a mood to believe the I. W. W.'s denial of their responsibility for the strike as they are capable of understanding how patently the strike has differed from one under I. W. W. management. There were evidently no centralized secret headquarters, there was practically no violence and no sabotage. On the contrary, the strikers did not as a rule interfere with the mails, permitted the movement of milk trains, agreed to cooperate with food officials, made arrangements for wrecking crews, and offered to submit their grievances to the Railway Labor Board.

The I. W. W. have had an "Industrial Union of Railway Workers" for some twenty years, but have never made any real inroads on the membership of the Brotherhoods. Until it became necessary to discredit outlaws, the Brotherhood chiefs never talked about the I. W. W. in their ranks. The I. W. W. may be distributing literature, as is usually their custom on the restless fringes of any labor disturbance. But their scattered pamphlets, and those of the Communists were scarcely sufficient evidence on which to brand the whole strike as "red."

Whatever the outcome of the revolt, whether the new industrial organization breaks up into the old craft distinction, whether the demands are accorded or not, it is safe to say that the railway workers have changed enormously in their psychology, from being an example of conservative, individualistic, disciplined unionists, blindly following their leaders, through a violent reaction toward so blind a following, to a state of mind where their aroused critical faculties will be alive to their position. They have begun and will continue to think for themselves. Having once repudiated the machine that controlled, they will retain a great measure of their independence and self-assertion. They will never be "safe" any more. They have had too much to think about in the last few weeks not to insist on a fuller control of their affairs. It will be a difficult matter for the old leaders to regain their confidence and reimpose the ancient discipline and obedience.

The railway workers are not yet "class conscious." They may soon become so. They made demands of the present, and taught by the bitter struggle, may soon begin to propose remedies for the future. The Plumb Plan has up to now been the creation and interest of the officials, who sponsored and pushed it, not so much as the emotional outlet for grievances, the hope, the substitute for unsatisfied demands it could have been for the rank and file but as a lever by which concessions might be pried from the government. From a weapon of the leaders it may become the battle-cry of the rank and file. So far the Plumb Plan League, more than the Brotherhood officials, has campaigned for the plan. And this campaign was largely confined to restless newly organized groups such as the railway shopmen, whose leaders saw in agitation of the Plumb Plan a satisfaction, a diversion of the deep unrest they otherwise might have been unable to appease. The Brotherhood officials, threatened as they thought with no such mutterings from below, could safely resist. They were wrong—the unrest of the shopmen finally engulfed the other railway men. From now on the Plumb Plan has a new ripe field to harvest from, for it is evident in the light of the unexpected solidarity and determination of the railway workers that they may readily turn from making material demands of the present to the question of a more comprehensive social remedy.

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The Nonpartisan League

A Survey

WHOEVER goes into North Dakota, interested in learning what the Nonpartisan League has done for that state in three years' rule, runs the risk of finding only what he wants to find. One reporter sees the League a failure, with the farmers up in arms against it; another finds them clamoring for more of what they've had. Handling a subject so contentious, the reporter's opinion of what will interest his readers is ordinarily about twice as definite as the information locally available to him. A popular practice is to start with an assumption and look for something to verify it.

In the notes which follow there may intrude a personal bias of my own. Some bias I must admit—if bias be an interest in the Nonpartisan program dating back to a North Dakota trip in 1917. At that time much of the program was still on paper. Part of it was western liberalism seeking in traditional manner to set right the most glaring abuses of economic power. There was nothing experimental in the eight-hour day, the minimum wage law and the kindred legislation it proposed. Such measures had been tried successfully in other states. What was significant, in the present instance, was their championship by such an essentially agricultural constituency as the Nonpartisan League's.

The second part of the program, proposing the injection of the state into the business of banking and milling, was far more revolutionary. Originally it was not called Bolshevism. But that was only because (in 1916) this convenient word had not yet been discovered. "Socialistic" was the term most commonly used by those who saw monopolistic interest threatened. But socialistic was not a good word for this sort of program, the whole point of which was that henceforth the farmers would be able to hold on to private ownership in greater security. The philosophy that animated the Nonpartisan League was private ownership in production—with the means of credit and distribution socialized in the interest of shortening the line between producer and consumer.

II.

In the three years that have elapsed since the first Nonpartisan legislature met in North Dakota, the league of farmers has become a political force of substantial power. In 1918 it captured North Dakota for a second time. In 1920 it may carry Minnesota or Montana or South Dakota, or even all three of them. In Idaho it is working in partnership with the state Federation of Labor. The advance guard is pushing into Wisconsin and Colorado, Washington and Nebraska.

It is not strange that as its range has widened the League has met a wider opposition. When only North Dakota was Nonpartisan territory, opposition was chiefly domestic. But now the prairie-fire threatens to spread across state borders, mightier engines of extinction have taken up the fight against it. General Wood and the New York Times are only two of a host of volunteers.

But the Times and General Wood cannot match the local critics of the League. In North Dakota the fight is four years old. And those journalists and politicians whose best argument is to the emotions have long since exhausted the field of logic. Politics and economics no longer serve as an escape-valve large enough to carry off their bitterness. Like enemy journalists in a war, if it is a long war and bitter enough, or like those who fear a new and challenging system, they have gone from politics to sex. Today the organized opponents of the Nonpartisan farmers are asserting in their official publication that it is the purpose of the League to establish free love in North Dakota.

Fortunately the governments of surrounding states have not yet declared a diplomatic blockade on North Dakota, and it is possible to enter the state and inquire for the facts upon which this charge is based. The League, asserts State Representative Burtness, has put into the library at Bismarck a book by Ellen Key, Love and Ethics. That is the worst the League's opponents claim. Love and Ethics on the shelf is proof enough that the League is out to poison minds. It makes no difference that Pilgrim's Progress is there, too—or that Ellen Key's book is probably on the shelf of a thousand other public libraries in the country. Around that book a storm is raging. Supporters of the League maintain that Ellen Key was purchased by the servant of an earlier administration. The League's opponents claim that it was a League librarian, anyway, who placed the unfortunate volume on the shelf. You might think that it was opera bouffe. But you remember that one of the major reasons America is not today at peace with Russia is because American opinion has gone baying down the scent of a story of women nationalized—and you realize, grotesque though it may be, that in Ellen Key the League's opponents have one of their most

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effective targets. Ellen Key, and the question whether libraries are a place for books or bindings, is consuming more editorial space than any other topic in the North Dakota press today.

III.

Conspiracy to establish free love is not the only charge that has been made against the Nonpartisan League since it found the road to power. And for those who do not quarrel with Ellen Key's claim to the book-shelf it is certainly not the most serious one.

There are two accusations made against Nonpartisan rule in North Dakota which it is not easy to handle fairly. One of them is the charge that state executives elected by the League deliberately destroyed the authority of the only anti-League official in the administration (Miss Neilsen). The other concerns the Scandinavian-American bank at Fargo. Both stories have had too much publicity to warrant omitting them from any record of the Nonpartisan League in North Dakota. Yet to single them out for discussion, to neglect stories which had less basis in fact, is to employ an emphasis not altogether fair to the League itself. On the whole, however, it seems better to include them.

In the case of Miss Neilsen the essential facts are not in dispute. Miss Neilsen was elected state superintendent of public instruction against the opposition of the League. She accordingly became chief executive officer of the Board of Education. But the Nonpartisan legislature thereupon combined the Board of Education with two other state boards, in such a manner as to leave Miss Neilsen a minority of one in a hostile board of five. League officials say that the concentration of authority was in the interest of economy and efficiency. The legislature was reasonably entitled to its experiment. But it is hard to believe that the League was interested exclusively in experiment and not at all in getting rid of a hostile official, despite her selection by the voters. My only reason for saying this is because Miss Neilsen's opponent at the polls, her predecessor in office, was promptly appointed general school inspector and educational adviser for the new Board.

The story of the Scandinavian-American bank is not so simply told. There were two investigations of the bank—one by inspectors hostile to the League, the other by its friends. The two reports differ not only in recommendation, but in the finding of fact. Which set of data will you take as reliable? If you live in North Dakota you take that set which confirms your own suspicions. It is impossible, here, to analyze a long list of accusations; a few notes will indicate their character.

It is important, in the first place, to distinguish this Scandinavian-American bank from the State Bank of North Dakota. It is a private and not a public institution. Some public money had been deposited in the Scandinavian-American bank; but it was not a great amount—and the State Bank makes a practice of redepositing as much as possible of the funds transferred to it by local banks in accordance with the law. What the "anti-League" investigators charged was that the Scandinavian-American bank had departed from sound and legal banking methods, and that officials of the state had winked at such irregularities. The bank, they claimed, had made larger loans to the Nonpartisan League than the law allowed (the legal limit is $9,000 to any individual or firm), and it had kept no record of thousands of dollars' worth of post-dated checks and other collateral held against such loans. The reply of the League to these charges is that many of the loans marked "worthless" by the first examiners were later paid in full—and that the bank was re-opened with the approval of the state supreme court. The future history of the bank, its ability or inability to retain the confidence of depositors despite charges made against it, will in itself be one test of the accuracy of the two reports.

IV.

There is a third story of misrule in North Dakota concerning which it is possible to examine undisputed facts and not two conflicting sets of them. This is a story of financial distress. Blessed with inexpert executives, so this story runs, and embarking upon a program of state industrial activity which was quixotic anyway, the people of North Dakota pay staggering taxes to the administration which originally boasted it could lighten burdens.

This story has a basis in the fact that tax levies jumped from $1,700,000 in 1918 to $3,700,000 in 1919. It is an increase of $2,000,000—approximately 117 per cent.

Explaining away tax levies is popular sport, and most people are inclined to view the attempt suspiciously. Nevertheless, consider this $2,000,000 increase:

The North Dakota Legislature passed a soldiers' bonus law. It did not shift the burden of this bonus to future generations and away from those who had found the war good business. It adopted, instead, a policy of taxation. The soldiers' bonus may be a good thing or a bad thing. But it is not an item fairly chargeable to a quixotic program of state-owned mills and elevators. Taxes to pay the bonus deduct $762,000 from the $2,000,000 increase.

Of the balance that remains, all but a small part of the increase went into the "general fund."

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From this general fund appropriations are made for the state industries. But the general fund takes care of many other things as well. In 1919, 80 per cent of its appropriations went to the state departments, to education, and to the support of state institutions. That does not leave much for the state industries supposed to be saddling the state with taxation. As a matter of fact the industries, so far as they have been developed, are largely self-sustaining. They enjoyed, in 1919, a little less than 4¼ per cent of the state taxes. An item of that size, obviously, did not boost North Dakota's taxes substantially. What counted, in addition to the soldiers' bonus, was the dwindling value of the dollar. If North Dakota's taxes went up 117 per cent in 1919, Minnesota's went up 136. Rising taxes, in 1919, were no uncommon thing. Leaving out of account the soldiers' bonus, the people of North Dakota paid a per capita tax of $3.56. That is a larger sum than the people of Kansas and Wisconsin paid. But it is smaller than the figure for most of the neighboring states. South Dakota, for example; Nebraska, Colorado and Washington.

V.

A principal factor in any appraisal of the Nonpartisan League is the extent to which it has carried out that ambitious program of legislation with which it started.

Campaigning for votes, the League had promised to enact a half dozen progressive measures dealing with the schools, with taxation and with the lot of the industrial worker. In each of these matters the League, in my opinion, has more than made good its promises. It has carried forward the work of centralizing the rural schools and of broadening the educational advantages in the cities. How ready it has been to push this work may be guessed by the fact that in the first year of its control a Nonpartisan legislature appropriated more than twice the amount which the previous legislature had given to the state school aid fund. The appropriations have gone on increasing. In the matter of taxation the League has made use of that progressive instrument, the income tax—particularly the tax upon "unearned" incomes. It now exacts a tax of 10 per cent upon unearned incomes in excess of $30,000. As for labor legislation: The Nonpartisan legislature has established an eight-hour day for women in industry—that eight-hour day from which the legislature of the enlightened state of New York still shrinks. It has enacted, also, a minimum wage law for women, a law stringently regulating the employment of minors, various laws to safeguard hazardous occupations, and a workmen's compensation law so generous that there is only one state in the union (California) which makes better provision for the injured worker. It must be remembered that industrialism in North Dakota is not far advanced, and that these are the laws of a legislature representing predominantly rural interests. What has been done for labor has been done without the customary trade union pressure, done apparently as a matter of civic duty and not as a reluctant compromise.

It is, however, in the industrial program rather than in such measures as these that interest outside of North Dakota centers. The progressive laws enacted for labor and the schools have models elsewhere, though this does not take credit from the farmers' legislature which so readily adopted them. The industrial program, however, is genuine experimentation. As a result of many magazine articles and the publication of the laws in pamphlet form, a wide public is familiar with the character of the legislation adopted. I shall try to summarize fairly what has been achieved, to date, under each of the more important measures.

The Bank.

Net profits for the Bank of North Dakota, for the period from July 28th to December 31st, 1919, were $45,078.45. In many quarters, of course, the bank is assailed as a venture trespassing upon the rights of private enterprise. For all that, it is performing convenient service for many varied and conflicting interests in the state. It serves in place of a branch of the Federal Reserve Bank and acts as a clearing house. All public funds are deposited in the State Bank with interest paid at 2 per cent. These funds are redeposited in local banks, or loaned to them, at 4 per cent—an interest which the local banks can afford to pay in view of the fact that their deposits do not fluctuate as sharply as if a half dozen different state institutions were manipulating them.

Farm Credits.

Actual cash loans of close to $2,000,000 have been made by the Bank of North Dakota. Chapter 154 of the state laws for 1919 provided for the issuing of bonds not to exceed ten million dollars, from the proceeds of which farm loans were to be made. The Bank is making use of an amortization plan by which the borrower pays 7 per cent on his loan each year for thirty-two years and extinguishes it at the end of that time. There is no mistaking the substantial value to the farmer of a long time loan which pays off principal as well as interest at 7 per cent each year. Prevailing rates of interest in North Dakota, before the enactment of the state rural credits law, had been

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8.7 per cent—without amortization of the principal.

State Crop Insurance.

The State of North Dakota now insures the farmer's crops against hail, fire and tornado. This system of insurance has by no means begun to cover the whole state, due partly to the activity of agents for private insurance companies shortly before the insurance laws became effective. These agents then renewed a large amount of private insurance on three-year contract.

The new system has gone far enough to demonstrate substantial advantages. Comparison must be made not with rates in other states, but with rates in North Dakota before the passage of the state insurance laws. The minimum prevailing then was 70 cents an acre on $10 risks. The North Dakota plan has been in operation for a year. It charged applicants a flat rate of 3 cents an acre (on the same $10 risks), with whatever additional assessment was necessary to cover the aggregate state-insured losses. This turned out to be 25 cents —making the total 28 as against the private companies' minimum of 70. Hail and tornado insurance (of which eleven million dollars has been written) has also reduced rates for the farmer. All of the state's insurance ventures are operated at cost. Accordingly what normally goes to insurance company profits goes instead to the producers of food. There seems to be no reason why the state's rates cannot be still further lowered. At first the plan has naturally attracted the farmers whose risks (and therefore, rates) were most highly assessed by the insurance companies. As farm lands carrying smaller risks are thrown into the new system losses on the higher risks can be more widely distributed.

Mills and Elevators.

Probably, in the eyes of the farmers who put the Nonpartisan League into power, state-owned grain elevators and grain mills were the most important items on the program. The North Dakota farmer was confident that an interloper—"Big Business"—had stepped between him and his market. "Big Business," specifically, was the Minneapolis miller. The farmer believed that the great men who purchased his wheat did not grade it fairly, did not give fair credit for "dockage" (screenings, etc.), and managed, through their control of elevator facilities, to buy when the market was glutted and sell at their own high pleasure. The farmer wanted state-owned mills and elevators. It was failure of the old guard legislature in North Dakota to obey the popular mandate of a constitutional amendment twice passed, by an eighty per cent vote of the people, which gave the Nonpartisan League its chance to break the old guard's grip.

The farmers, today, are still waiting for their mills and elevators. There is no state-owned elevator operating in North Dakota. There is but one state-owned mill (at Drake). The League's publications claim that this mill has paid farmers an average of 12 cents a bushel more for their grain than privately owned elevators in the same neighborhood, and has sold mill feeds at a price $5 a ton below that of the private mills. I did not visit Drake, and I am not able to check these figures. Theoretically the Drake mill can afford to buy at Minneapolis rates plus the cost of freight haul from Drake to Minneapolis; to sell at Minneapolis figures, minus the cost of that haul. But the mill at Drake, regardless of the accuracy of these quotations, is too small a venture to go far toward proving any theory. Its capacity is not more than 250 barrels a day, at most. What has blocked the more ambitious plans of the League has been the difficulty of placing mill and elevator bonds until the constitutionality of the legislation has been passed upon by the federal Supreme Court. Several thousand dollars worth of bonds have been sold for the erection of mills and elevators at Grand Forks. But the program, as a whole, awaits the action of the Court. The Nonpartisan administration has put its promises into law. Litigation ties its hands.

VI.

In my notebook there remain two criticisms of the Nonpartisan League which I found coming occasionally from friends of the League as well as invariably from its enemies. I add them to what I have already written because they help round out a picture otherwise not complete.

The first of these criticisms is directed against the organization of the League. The League, say some of its friends and all of its enemies, remains an institution in which the few decide and the many follow. It was frankly that, at the start. Only by centralizing the power to make decisions, said its leaders, could the League be quick enough on the trigger to match the great milling and financial interests which opposed it. Either a benevolent autocracy or a debating society whose days, even of debate, were numbered. There was no other alternative, so far as getting started was concerned. Later, when the fight grew less bitter and the rank and file acquired the knack of politics, a transition could be made to more democratic management.

There was a reorganization of the League, several months ago, and the official publications herald it as being this transition. Briefly, what happened

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was this: county committees of elective delegates are made responsible for membership enrollments within their districts; $7 of the $13 biennial membership fee goes to the county organization*; the county group is free to engage in any political activites it desires, provided they are not in conflict with the general program of the League.

This reorganization, say enemies of the League, is simply window-dressing; it will never be put into effect. To this the League replies that already the plan is effective on a wide scale. Which is right? You could be certain only by visiting five hundred different counties. Is it, after all, a question of first importance? The place where authority really rests is not in the power to decide questions of county politics. Authority, in some measure, rests in the hands of delegates who meet in convention to define wide policies. But these policies are often written in general terms. How they shall be interpreted is the thing that matters. Moreover, they are often no more than the formal recognition of an accomplished fact. A long list of almost daily decisions, each seeming to require immediate action, has in reality produced the policy; the formal convention simply murmurs benediction. I think that many officials of the League would themselves agree that in the critical matters of interpreting policy and of improvising it, authority still rests in the hands of a very small group of men.

That involves risk. In my opinion, there is very real danger that too much power is centering upon a few leaders of the League, and that no ordinarily human leaders are both able enough and honest enough to manage it rightly. Let it be noted, however, that this is a danger not peculiar to the Nonpartisan League. It is a danger shared by every political organization operating on the modern scale—whether it be the Nonpartisan League, the Republican party or the United States of America. Consider, for instance, that man upon whom now pivots every nation-wide strike in industry and every question of foreign policy, the man who lives in the White House. That man, no less than the Nonpartisan League official, interprets general law into specific action, makes day-to-day decisions that often leave a lagging Congress only two alternatives instead of the dozen or more that were originally possible. The problem of democratic control within the Nonpartisan League is only a miniature of the problem of democratic control within the modern state.

* $4 goes to state headquarters; the remaining $7 to national headquarters. Out of this latter sum comes the cost of publishing the weekly journal which goes to all League members.

VII.

The second of these two general criticisms of the League is allied in some respects with the first one. It charges that power in the industrial activities of the state itself is also too much centralized. A powerful Industrial Commission manages both the state banks and the mills and elevators. This Commission consists of the governor, the attorney-general and the commissioner of agriculture and labor. There is an obvious advantage, for both farmer and industrial worker, in bringing this latter official into intimate contact with the state's industries. But all three of these executives bear the responsibilities of other offices, and it is one criticism of the existing plan that the double responsibility is too heavy. It may be said, however, that in any event it will be necessary for the state to employ experts for the actual management of both bank and mills and elevators. And in the case of the bank this course has already been followed. A second criticism of the Industrial Commission plan, as it now stands, is that it too closely associates politics and economics. The first political setback for the League would, by the election of a new governor, attorney-general and commissioner of agriculture and labor, put control of the entire industrial program into the hands of its enemies. Critics of the plan assert that a separate Industrial Commission, appointed for terms longer than a single election period, would supply protection against this danger. But such a plan might also thwart the people of the state if they desired to be rid of the new venture. They have a veto, now, upon the industrial program and the skill with which it is administered, since that is the issue upon which any election in North Dakota is likely to turn.

The most effective argument against the centralization of authority in a single Industrial Commission is the opportunity it gives for the building of a powerful political machine. Here, again, is real danger. The Industrial Commission holds the key to high offices. It has large funds to spend. Concentration of decision makes for efficiency? But does it not also offer chance for a greater abuse of power? The efficiency of centralized administration versus the safety of checks and balances: Is there no other alternative? There is nothing local to North Dakota in the issue. It is again the single instance of a wider problem, a problem in the mechanics of democracy.

VIII.

These notes summarize the situation in North Dakota as well as I am able to picture it in the space available and as fairly as I can manage without the intrusion of personal prejudice. They would

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be misleading, however, if I did not add this one brief note:

Above all else the Nonpartisan League remains the instrument of a living faith for many of the hundreds of thousands of farmers who are its members. These men and women have seen enough anti-League literature, been warned by enough anti-League speakers, to suspect that the organization to which they belong is neither entirely efficient nor ideally democratic. Their faith has been severely tested. Doubtless they are convinced that the League has made mistakes. If they are still loyal it is because they believe it also has made progress. That is something, in their eyes, which the Democratic and Republican parties failed to do. For years those parties had their opportunity, in North Dakota, to support the radical program which a referendum twice adopted showed the farmers to be waiting for. Consistently they scorned that opportunity. The Nonpartisan League accepted it. The League was a party of revolt against existing conditions. Thousands of men and women were ready to accept it indiscriminatingly on that single score.

That indiscriminating support imposes upon leaders of the League a responsibility all the more severe. It is not a responsibility confined to the League in North Dakota. In states where it has no organization, among people only vaguely familiar with its program, the Nonpartisan League has become a symbol. It is a symbol of the challenger. Because it is a young force, because it disputes with more powerful forces their privilege of remaining static, it enlists the sympathy of all liberals yearning for a better day. The chief task of the Nonpartisan leaders is not so much the extension of their movement, as the preservation of its integrity. The League may never cross the borders of North Dakota. It may fail even to hold control of that one state, because powers too strong are allied against it. It will, despite that fact, remain a force long vital in American politics. It will have gone down fighting. But if its leaders fail because they listen to the call of power, they will destroy a useful thing. They will destroy a faith which the next new force will find it difficult to recover.

CHARLES MERZ.

Early Evening in April

A drift of fragrance down a lane of spring:
Peach trees and pear trees spill their pink-and-white;
The lavender mountains loom, and mutely fling
Bold arms to clasp and quell the sunset light . . .
An April spirit haunts the evening air, . . .
Wistful, and delicate and debonair.

RICHARD BURTON.

Coeducation and Spring

ON the whole the faculty take the institution of coeducation pretty calmly—most of the year. Of course, there are assistant professors—and their wives,—newly imported from eastern colleges which are for men only, like the lectures of certain medical specialists, or for women only, to whom the topic is nearly as fascinating as the dissection of the head of the department. And there was the grave Briton, with us only a year or two, who confidently informed me in a smoking car that not one in ten of the girls in the American high schools is a virgin. But the human mind soon becomes callous to any enormity, and the most piquant theme wears threadbare.

In the spring, however, this particular subject greens again with the grass on the campus. For then the lads and lasses stroll together, in innumerable couples, all about the town. Doubtless they have seen something of one another during the winter months—at dances, theatres, basket ball games, in the parlors of sororities and boarding houses—in classrooms and halls! But all those places (except the classrooms and halls) are more or less approved resorts for the congregation of the sexes, such as even the uncoeducated may frequent. This shameless "twosing" in the open air reveals anew to all the world the horror of free male and female companionship.

It is really disgusting—if you think so. Watch them saunter. That husky youth in a blue sweater with a numeral on it—his sideling swagger! And the girl—her mincing steps, the constant turning of her pretty head to flash her eyes at her companion, who receives these delectable lightnings with such complacent satisfaction. As we pass them you may hear—I was going to say, her "delicious" laugh. It is the correct word; any novelist will assure you you cannot dodge it. But this is no novel. Now this pair approaching us. The girl walks sedately, the lad too, their faces as serious as life itself. But their very earnestness condemns them.

And yet what would you, masters? "The world must be peopled." The boys and the girls must get together. A perilous business, no doubt, and a bit disgusting certainly—if you have that kind of mind. But the poets have not thought of it in that way.

How can it best be managed? The most decorous scheme from one point of view is for the parents charily, at betrothal. But the countries in which that to make the match and introduce the youngsters, system obtains are not noted chiefly for their morality in the peculiarly Anglo-Saxon sense of the term. Then there is the plan approved of our own virtuous society, which makes the ballroom, the theater,

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and the cabaret the garish, feverish hunting ground of Venus. But when I realize that the standard American marriage, so to speak, is made nowadays chiefly to the tune of the foxtrot I turn back to our campus strollers with lessened opprobrium.

These boys and girls see one another in classes (horrible as it may seem), as well as on dancing floors. At all hours of the day—eight o'clock classes (on "the morning after"), eleven o'clock classes, four o'clock classes,—rather than merely at all hours of the night. And day after day, instead of only on Saturday evenings. They see one another in sweaters and shirtwaists, even oftener than in tails and evening gowns; and hear one another in recitations on sober subjects as well as in the banter of flirtation. They have such splendid opportunities to learn, the boys about the girls and the girls about the boys, which is a fool and a shirker, and which is intelligent, sound, and dependable.

And, mixing so freely, they meet so many of the perilous opposite sex. They come to have standards of comparison. They become less liable to be blinded by the glamor of mere sex difference.

Ah, you say, they lose their illusions! You are right. That is the exact point. They do. Some illusions, at least. Not too many—Mother Nature looks after that. Not enough for entire safety, of course. But the utterly fatuous blindness of the lad who has scarcely seen a girl, and the girl who has scarcely seen a man, for four years, many of them —most of them, perhaps—do lose.

Of course, they make love together. They write notes to one another—and most excellent practice in English composition it is! They discuss together all subjects in heaven and earth. They are, to a greater or less extent, unconsciously hunting for their mates. But where else in the world have they a better chance—or even as good a chance—to find a suitable mate, or to test that suitability in advance?

And so when my middle-aged business takes me in the evening, under the full moon of May, down the avenue of elms that is known as Lovers' Lane, and I encounter this procession of chattering or silent couples, I have learned to smile tolerantly, even tenderly. Certain lines of Browning's come, almost too patly, into my head:

> Making love, say,—
> The happier they!
> Draw yourself up from the light of the moon,
> And let them pass, as they will too soon,
> With the beanflowers' boon,
> And the blackbird's tune,
> And May, and June!

MAX MCCONN.

The Condition of English Literature

UNDOUBTEDLY, English literature is suffering from a reaction after the war. Where it should be most alive, there is a general lassitude most sensible; this lassitude is manifest, in the work of our writers under forty years of age, in two distinct and complementary forms. On the one hand we have a deliberately exaggerated literature of what the French used to call aquoibonisme, a literature based not merely on the conscious diagnosis of a malady of perception and will—if it were, it would at least be symptomatic of constitutional strength—but on a sickly combination of timorous, half-hearted analysis, and of pleasure in the surrender to inhibition. It might be mistaken to lay too much stress upon the insistence of immaturity upon its own uniqueness, because that is perennial, and the discovery that true artistic individuality is achieved only after an arduous effort to discipline a merely personal otherness is often long delayed. But the tinge of complacency in the extravagant indulgence of immediate sensation at the present day is too apparent to be neglected.

On the other hand we have, most obviously in poetry, a curious phenomenon which we may call "right-mindedness." It, too, I imagine, is in the main the outcome of a war reaction, for the lassitude of which the former literary tendency is the direct expression has been the common lot of all sensitive minds, l'ennui commun à toute personne bien née. "Right-mindedness" is, in essence, a clumsy method of exorcising the devil that walketh at noonday, the attempt to combat an insidious disease by assuming the outward behavior of a healthy man. Now, if this literary habit, of which there are alarming evidences, for instance, in the current volume of Georgian Poetry, were a deliberate and conscious convention, it, too, would be a sign of strength. For two reasons. Not only is it essential that the poet should remain conscious up to the extreme point where complete consciousness is no longer possible, and the mechanism of an artistic convention aids him in this; but the careful practice of a deliberate convention would sooner or later involve the general recognition of the fact that it is an indispensable part of the highest artistic achievement. That is almost completely forgotten nowadays, and by the "right-minded" most of all. Since these affect a kind of bergerie, nothing would be better fitted to stiffen their backbone than a consideration of the pastoral convention from Theocritus to Milton. But that is impossible for them, and, as a matter of fact, the "right-minded" ten-

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dency sways indeterminately and unconsciously between a reflection of the pastoral convention and a reflection of the romantic return to nature.

The real cause of its indeterminateness is that its impulse is negative. "Right-minded" literature is the expression of a turning away from something whose nature it has not paused to examine towards something it has not the capacity to conceive. It embraces nature without knowing what nature is; it upholds the banner of the tradition without looking to see what the tradition is, or whether a tradition can be said to exist at all. The result is, for the most part, a curious literature of unconscious pastiches, which is like and yet unlike the poetry which the public remembers. Hence its uncommon popularity and the disconcerting fact that the verse of three or four of these sincere but unimportant poets is more widely read than the work of Dr. Bridges or even of Thomas Hardy.

At ordinary times we might have a reasonable hope that a condition of things in which the literary work of the younger generation is divided into two equally false tendencies would be only a passing phase, for, if the times were ordinary, neither of them would have gained any real hold of the public, and the writer would have been left to fight the battle of his own literary development alone. But the conditions are not ordinary. Various disturbing factors enter in. To consider but two of them; there is a false sense of loyalty and a false sense of responsibility.

The young literary world is divided into two camps; the right-minded and the wrong-headed, the comprehensibles and the incomprehensibles, the top dogs and the under dogs. There are a few writers with a foot in both camps, and one or two in neither, but the general division holds, and a vigorous, though not always obvious, warfare is carried on. It is a disastrous contest; it has none of the invigorating quality of a struggle between the young and the old, or of the conflict between one deliberate literary theory and another. It is like the social struggle, an internecine feud between the haves and the have-nots.

Since neither side professes allegiance to any literary principle, the loyalty that unites its members is purely partisan and negative. Thus the free production and discussion of literature is impeded, and, by the accident of circumstance, what might have been venial errors of partisanship are exaggerated by a false sense of responsibility into serious offences against literature. Never have so many young literary men had greatness thrust upon them as during the war; never has the immaturity of genuine, but unformed talent been so popular. It was not their fault. They were young, they were naive, they were credulous; they had had real experience of war, and they told what they could of the truth about it at a time when their elders were lying. They had every excuse for considering themselves creatures of genius, when their genius was so vehemently vouched for by people who ought to have known better. How should they know that they had barely begun the real work of literature? How should they know that most reviewers and most editors were as foolish and as ill-educated as themselves? But not even the knowledge that the process was inevitable can reconcile us to the humiliating spectacle of these young great men delivering themselves of preposterous opinions with a slightly uncertain air of omniscience; and the spectacle is humiliating, whether we regard it as an exhibition of how talent may be self-corrupted, or as an indication of the contempt into which criticism has fallen.

A great many of our young men of letters have become public figures at a stage of their development when they should have been employing all their energies in the repair of their interrupted education. I doubt whether there has ever been a generation of men of letters so startlingly uneducated as this, so little interested in the study of the great writers before them, so content to handle the English language as though it had been created de novo in the middle of the nineteenth century. The reason for this must be sought, no doubt, primarily in the war, which has inflicted upon so many the loss of five years in the most vital period of their intellectual development; but the tendency to jettison the burden of the past was discernible before the war. Impatience of structure and thought, contempt for technical method, the exaltation of sensational immediacy,—all these were apparent in English literature before the war began; the war, by snapping the thin threads of tradition that remained, by setting literary apprentices in the position of literary masters, has hastened the process of disintegration.

It is easier to believe that the process must be checked than to see where or how. The general atmosphere of hostility and suspicion is inimical to a revival of criticism. Yet a revival of criticism is the only way of salvation, the only means by which the fatal struggle between the haves and the have nots can be converted into that most salutary of all encounters, a conflict between reasoned literary principles. If a critical protagonist from each side could be induced to state a positive case for work of the kind which he affected to admire and emulate, if it could be tacitly agreed that, however mistakenly, both sides were in pursuit of the same end, the advancement of English litera-

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ture, that insinuation and boycott are the weapons of a world morally inferior to that of literature, the atmosphere would be cleared of the miasma of bitterness which now obscures every critical issue of importance. As it is, we have chaos and anarchy and a lamentable waste of the best energies in capturing the popular suffrage. When a writer of the ability of Mr. J. C. Squire, from whom we have a right to expect services to literature commensurate to his talent, attempts to exploit mob prejudice against Mr. Bernard Shaw, when a novelist with the achievement and genuine literary sympathies of Mr. Arnold Bennett comes forward to defend the work of the late Mr. Charles Garvice, while admitting that it is artistically worthless, against a just criticism by the editor of the Nation, our suspicions that there is something rotten in the present state of English literature become conviction. I have endeavored to present an unbiased diagnosis of the case, as it presents itself to one observer.

JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY.

To All Those Who Govern Everywhere

I am old. And a woman. If the slow-moving states do not hurry, I may die without ever expressing myself effectively upon any public question.

But by dint of straight and humane living for many years, and of sympathetic observation of other people's lives, I have achieved some opinions, even about matters of state, which are, at least, not snap judgments. And I should like, O monarchs of the world, kings, prime ministers, presidents, cabinet officers, senators, governors, mayors, aldermen, judges, juries, policemen, investigators, editors, and individual voters, rulers all, to express one opinion in the comparatively safe form of a question. May I not ask—

See, now, what the civilized western world was before the Great War:

There was Germany, frequently described in fiction or descriptive essay as snobbish, and autocratic, but efficient. Almost all her males had votes, albeit not all votes were of equal weight. Her universities were so good that American young men flocked to them, and were proud to add Leipzig or Jena after their Ph. D.'s. Our college presidents treasured as precious the honorable baubles bestowed by the German Emperor. Our own universities were developed along German lines. And as for religion, Christianity was so systematically taught in all her common schools that the churches of other lands envied their German brethren so well plowed a field in which to sow the Word.

There was England, the mother of Democracy, from whom we inherited our sturdy love of Liberty, and Justice. There was the Republic of France who through travail and convulsion had finally achieved an approximation of those ravishing ideals symbolized in Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité.

And there was the United States, the liberties of her citizens bought twice over with the blood and tears of her heroes and martyrs, at Valley Forge, at Harper's Ferry, at Ford's Theatre—the home of millions of the Poor Voter on Election Day, the land of opportunity for the Rail-Splitter, the asylum of the Oppressed.

Truly, in spite of some imperfections which many of us were bustling about to improve on, by pleasant social gatherings, prayers, lectures, societies, resolutions, petitions, and eventually by laws and regulations, the good old world seemed to be ambling forward at a rather satisfactory pace.

Then came the War.

Now most of us realize some things unknown or unnoticed, before.

England and France had an understanding with Russia. When we associated ourselves in the war for Democracy, that gave some of us pause. We remembered reading over our morning coffee that when a few years ago a number of poor subjects of the Russian Tsar assembled unarmed to offer a petition, the troops of this same Tsar fired a volley into the crowd, slaughtering many.

The Turk reigned at Constantinople. England seated him there. Germany was his patron, or partner. Sometimes when we relaxed our efforts in behalf of Jewish pogrom victims, and turned our attention to relief of Armenians or other eastern Christians, these relations also made us uneasy.

Before the Great War, people read their newspapers—practically their sole source of information on the world's doings—cursorily. One who traveled on trains and trolleys could tell you, "Men turn first to the mimic warfare of sport and, second, to the bloodless warfare of stocks. Women, when they read at all, look for personal items,—anecdotes, and social events."

Now we all read, faithfully, and mostly with a pathetically simple faith.

And if half of what we read is half-true, then:

From the most renowned diplomat dealing with the boundaries and the equities of nations, to the pettiest court officer in the humblest village, our rulers have been either blind, ignorant, silly, or

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wicked, or they have been distinguished by several of these traits at once. International checker-playing, international dice-throwing, international bargain-making—all of it godless, all of it indifferent or unconscious of the sacred value of the pawns, our sons and daughters to the third and fourth generation, our heritage of culture, the crown jewels of Our God,—has been the practice of pseudo-statesmen the world over. There is a scene in Mark Twain's Prince and Pauper wherein the Great Seal of England being lost, the Pseudo Prince is asked for it and cannot produce it. Finally it is found. And when the masquerading Pauper sees it he cries, "Is that it? I used it to crack nuts." My first question—and I ask it in the name of every son's mother in every nation in Christendom—is this: Can it be possible that intellectual paupers have for decades been cracking nuts with the Great Seals of the world?

If half of what we read is half-true, then:

In our own nation, in village, city, state, and national government people who find it profitable to enter politics control government functions, and in so doing make bargains among themselves, as to the division of petty patronage and profit, obey the behests of groups or individuals who hold the power of wealth, and keeping up a patter about principles and public weal, deceive the voters by propaganda and by suppressions in the press. Meanwhile, men who count themselves superior to politics hand over their governmental interests to their inferiors and mind their own businesses. By the million, such men have recently made so much money that their families hardly know how to spend it. Few of them are consciously profiteers; most of them simply seized opportunity.

For many years, before the war, those who make and administer our laws, and those who control these, invited into our country hordes of unskilled hand-workers from all parts of the world, herded them in colonies, used them in industries, took little heed to their bodies or souls, and amassed wealth by their exploitation. And now there is jealousy, suspicion, fear, recrimination, violence between class and mass; to the bewildered newspaper reader the pot calls the kettle black and the kettle retorts in kind. That amorphous mass, the Public, which is more than half feminine, believes them both and asks, Are the wicked or the ignorant men whose control of our affairs has brought us to such economic chaos and such national impotence as is betrayed in the Treaty dispute, the railroad tangle, the luxury orgy, the housing problem and the deportation scandals—are they average citizens? If not, why not? Shouldn't they be that, at least?

The churches show a certain amount of modesty. If Christianity were what it has claimed to be, the present conditions in national and international politics and in domestic and foreign economics could not exist. This many Christians are acknowledging. And they are saying, "It is not Christianity that is at fault. It is we. We have been false and weak, and have not fulfilled our trust. We repent. We resolve to do better. We pray for light and strength. And we begin again." So arises the Interchurch movement. That is respectable. But in so far as it is supported by those who have ruled us in the immediate past, have we not ample grounds for suspecting it? I ask in the name of the women now about to participate for the first time in the choice of their presumed representatives.

And now for our final question:

In the face of the conditions portrayed by those newspapers and magazines whose whole policy is to support things as they are, is it not the duty of everyone connected with any phase of government anywhere—to *seek light?* Whenever any man or woman, not patently idiotic or insane, suggests by speech or writing any facts or opinions, upon any possible betterment of our social, economic, political, or international framework, ought not anyone who has been even remotely responsible for things as they are, to invite such an one to full expression? Ought not all that he offers to be weighed and anxiously scanned, lest some pearl of wisdom be missed? Have we not been lamentably lacking, if not in good intent, then certainly in good intelligence, so that such pearls are worth looking for?

By what right, O most reverend seignors, Those now in Power, do you condemn, contemn, anathematize, misname, or otherwise flout anybody, whatever his age, race, nation, sect, sex, or previous condition of servility or servitude, who offers an opinion on how to remedy the diseases which your own wickedness, silliness, ignorance, or indifference has brought about or failed to avoid? Even if his animus toward you is bad, ought you not to analyze his message?

I speak for many millions of astonished women and for many, many millions of expectant children, the unpartaking victims of your arrogant inefficiency. "Caesar had his Brutus, Charles I his Cromwell," and the politicians of America and their directors, instigators and advisors should profit by their example, and by that of Russia's late Tsar.

Believe a woman, O captains who led us into bloody battle assuring us as we went, "We don't know what it is all about," O pilots who ran us on the rocks declaring as you turned the tiller, "There are no shoals"—believe a woman: At least

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one half of the adult population of this country love the country, feel maternal tenderness towards its fathers, mothers, youths, and maidens, and the wonderful promise of its children, but do not love the personnel of the government, retiring or aspiring. They feel that a group of Neros are struggling for prestige and power while Rome burns. They are looking for Cincinnatus. They want to see that some legislator or administrator is learning what the school and the home have long tried to exemplify, that reward, not punishment, is the method that produces loyalty, and that democracy is an educational method leading to harmony, rather than a form of government achieved by strife.

LOUISE CONNOLLY.

The Russo-Polish War

THE spectacle of continental anarchy works with a naturally opposite effect on the minds of American and of English spectators. We are involved in the chaos and cannot but be actors in it. We may realize that the fallible beings who assume to themselves in the Supreme Allied Council the giant's task of governing the Old World, are sinking visibly amid dissensions into impotence. Yet the evil war and the worse peace have made every frontier fluid, and shattered the old systems of obedience: with sane international authority we cannot dispense. Most of us see that with the outbreak of open dissensions, a Triumvirate of three Allied Premiers has become incapable of coherent and rapid action. We awaken, indeed, each morning to ask whether the crazy fabric erected at Versailles may not have collapsed in a night.

One is disposed to think that any attempt to impose on Turkey the original scheme of dismemberment may demand nothing less than a campaign of reconquest; but for that, the Powers no longer possess the necessary forces: the appetites of British and French imperialism have far outrun its resources. If Hungary should decide that it is prudent to sign the Treaty which turns her into a minor Balkan state, the act of signing will not for an hour delay her preparations for the revanche. In Germany, though the mass of the nation has demonstrated by the courage and unanimity of the general strike against the Kappist coup d'état, that it repudiates militarism and loathes the military caste with passionate energy, it seems further than ever from the physical solution of its problem. The weak and ill-assorted ministry might contrive to disband the professional army, if it dared to rely on armed formations of workmen, but it cannot call them to its aid without alienating the conservative Catholic "center," and the farmers of the south. A second military "Putsch" seems imminent with its base in the northeast, uncomfortably near to the explosive Polish region. Nor are these various risks as isolated as one might suppose. The German professional army maintained, under the complacent headship of Herr Noske, some vestiges of the political staff created by Ludendorff, and this has worked both in propaganda and in external intrigue as a kind of secondary government—a Nebenregierung, as Germans call it. It intrigued with the Hungarian Whites and with the Turkish Nationalists: above all it conspired with the Russian counter-revolution. If it should again win even a temporary success in Germany, it may evoke a whole series of answering reactions, monarchist in Vienna, irredentist in Budapest, and Pan-Islamic in Turkey.

Apart from the economic follies of the Peace, which forbade productive work to Central Europe, the most potent cause of this general reaction has been the war on Soviet Russia. It was Mr. Churchill's design for using German armies to crush Bolshevism which called into being the Baltic Corps, and delayed the reduction of the German regular forces. It was fear of the Soviet idea, which caused the Allies to set up a disreputable gang of militarist fanatics as the "White" government of Hungary. It was the preoccupation of our staff with Denikin's adventure in South Russia, which led it to neglect Turkey for eighteen months on end. The Allies were interested in Turkey only in so far as the Straits gave them a road to Odessa and the Caucasus. They were so bent on backing Denikin that they forgot the Armenians, forgot the Jews, and forgot, above all, the forces of Turkish nationalism which have used these eighteen months to rally against them. And now, to crown all these complications, inherited from the war of the Allies on Russia, the Polish war seems about to enter on a new and more intensive phase.

It is clear that the Allies no longer look with favor on Poland's military ambitions. Mr. Lloyd George has done his utmost to check them, and even in Paris, which is more deeply interested in Poland than London ever was, there are many

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signs of waning enthusiasm. Up to the moment of M. Clemenceau's departure, Poland was the favored instrument of French policy against Russia. About that time, however, the diplomacy of Moscow, not without British backing, upset the vast designs of which Paris dreamed. The "barbed wire fence" was broken, and presently the wires were hanging limp. Esthonia, a capable and realist little state subject to British influence, made a really cordial peace with Russia. Rumania, sated with the loot of Hungary, and confirmed both by Moscow and by Paris in the possession of Bessarabia, is also virtually at peace with the Soviet government. The Letts, the Lithuanians and the Finns may haggle over details and prolong the process of barter, but they, too, are for all practical purposes at peace. In other words, Tchicherin, availing himself adroitly of Mr. Lloyd George's inclination to peace, has contrived to isolate Poland, If she persists in fighting, she will fight alone, and the Russian "Whites" are incapable even of effecting a diversion in her favor. One need not attribute the diplomatic success of Moscow to mere incapacity in the Allies. It was hopeless to attempt the creation of a league of the liberated border states in Denikin's favor, for all of them knew that the restoration of Russian Tsardom would involve the loss of their own independence. Even Poland, secure in the recognition of her own full sovereignty with the guarantee of the League of Nations, would never have cooperated cordially to restore a strong imperial Russia, for she claims territory which no "White" general would ever dream of resigning to her. She fights now for her own hand, and, risky though the adventure is, it suits her ambitious temper better than an alliance with Denikin.

The facts that govern the present situation are fairly simple, and they are not disputed. Throughout the civil war, the Soviet government desired peace with Poland, for obvious reasons of prudence, made several public overtures to obtain it, and refrained from complicating its more important tasks by detaching large forces to oppose the Poles. The Poles seldom met with any stubborn resistance, and they spent the last year in a rapid advance over vast regions of disputed territory. The ethnographical frontier of Poland is, on the east, approximately the boundary of the "Congress" kingdom. Beyond it the Poles have occupied territory which measures in rough figures 500 miles from north to south, and 300 miles from west to east. The population of this area was before the war about 30 millions, and of this total perhaps eight per cent are Poles. No one race predominates over the whole area. The towns and even some of the villages are largely Jewish, for this was the "Pale" into which the Russian empire crowded its Jews. The country population is "White Russian" and Lithuanian in the northern half, and Ukrainian in the south. Outside the towns, such Poles as are to be found, are feudal landowners who perpetuated the traditions of the heyday of Polish imperialism, enjoyed the cordial detestation of the Orthodox peasantry, and stood exposed in recent years to a savage Jacquerie which needed no leaven of Bolshevist theory to incite it. With the exception of Vilna and Lemberg, the towns are forlorn Russian provincial centers living on a low level of culture. The peasants are more primitive than those of the Balkans and one looks in vain for civilization outside the manor houses of the Polish magnates. In the north and the center, the country is neither populous nor wealthy. Vast forests alternate with marshes: the soil is sandy and the roads few and very bad. Since the war much of this country has become a desert.

The Grand Duke Nicholas burned the villages and some of the towns (e. g. Brest-Litovsk) in his retreat, and drove the Orthodox population back with him into the Russian interior. There has been some reflux of this emigration, but little attempt as yet to restore even the low level of pre-war prosperity. Eastern Galicia, which belongs properly to this disputed area, has a larger Polish minority than the rest, attained under Austrian rule a higher level of culture and, thanks to its rich oil deposits, much greater wealth. It has been assigned by the Allies to Poland, though the majority of the population is certainly Ukrainian, and since Russia has no claim to it we may disregard it in this survey. This vast area, though it is not racially Polish, is probably of no great immediate importance to Russia. It is too thoroughly devastated to add much to her resources, and the population is not "Great Russian," though it is in speech, culture and religion much nearer to Russia than to Poland. For the Poles its very paucity of population constitutes its attraction. Poland is overpopulated, and all parties, even the Socialists, dream of colonizing this eastern region. Sentimentally, it belongs to the Great Imperial Poland of the days before the first partition, and, indeed, even yet, with all their progress, the Poles have not reached the boundaries of 1772.

Opinions among them are sharply divided as to the future of this territory. The President, Marshal Pilsudski, and the parties of the Left which follow him would claim in all seriousness the line of 1772, though it would make the Poles within their Great Poland a mere minority, but

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they propose to create one or more semi-autonomous buffer states in the non-Polish area under their own protection. The Right, and especially the National Democrats (MM. Dmowski, Paderewski and Grabski), are more realistic in their policy: they would claim less territory, but they would annex it outright in order to exploit it, colonize it and assimilate it more thoroughly. The policy of the buffer state is best seen in the dealings of Poland with the Ukraine. Its soldier-chief, Petlura, after suffering almost total annihilation at the hands first of the Poles and then of the Bolsheviks and Denikin is now a fugitive in Warsaw, and has bargained away to the Poles what three enemies and typhus have left of his army, for their "alliance."

Moscow celebrated its victory over Denikin by renewing its offer of peace to the Poles. There can be no doubt that the offer was sincere. The rulers of Communist Russia understand very well that their real problem is economic. They are organizing the next war on the "labor front." They want all their energies to restore production, and if they are forced to use up half their transport and a million able-bodied men in a war with Poland, their plans will be seriously hampered, if not frustrated. The peculiar danger of a Polish war is that it would prevent the consolidation of their power in the Ukraine, whose resources in grain, coal and metals are essential to their economic recovery. They have not enough locomotives either for war or for peace: if they must use them for both, they may end with a total breakdown of transport.

They made no attempt to disguise their eagerness for peace. They offered the Poles an armistice on the lines which Poland now occupies, and were ready to carry on negotiations in neutral Esthonia, in Warsaw or even in an Allied capital. The Poles responded by assuming the airs of a victor. They would grant no armistice whatever, and they would negotiate only in the little country town of Borisow, just behind the fighting line, with a local suspension of hostilities on that one sector of the front. Why was this obscure little town, alone of all the possible centers in Europe, suitable for their purpose? The reason, of course, was strategical. With a suspension of arms on their weakest and most exposed sector, they hoped to be free to conduct a big offensive on their right, to recover the Ukraine while the negotiations were dragged out by the usual arts. This opening move is not promising, but neither is it fatal to the prospect of peace. The Russians have once more shown their eagerness for peace, even at some cost to their own dignity by asking the Allies to use their influence with the Poles.

Do the Poles desire war, for its own sake, or for further conquests, or do they, in spite of appearances, really wish for peace? The answer is hard to put in a summary form. There is, I believe, a very general desire in Poland for peace. It has sunk during the past year into an economic slough which brings it near to the Austrian level of misery.

The Polish mark, which was worth ten cents a year ago, is now worth much less than one. The expenditure of the young republic is eight times its revenue, and the printing press is the one really active industry. Corruption is so prevalent, that the Diet lately passed a law imposing the death penalty on officials who accept bribes. The workmen, both urban and rural, though as yet they are not under the leadership of the severely persecuted Communists, are in a state of constant unrest, which shows itself in frequent strikes, in spite of martial law. The peasants, hungry for the land, have been put off with a mere resolution of the Diet in favor of land-purchase, but this resolution is not yet a law. The seasonal emigration into Germany has started once more. The textile industries, short of raw materials, are working only to the extent of 40 per cent. Transport and coal are both miserably short, and the food supply lacks fats and was curtailed by a failure of the potato harvest. Typhus rages in the east like a black Death.

Not all the legendary patriotism of the Poles can cope with this misery. The Socialist party (so moderate and so little international that its name is misleading), in spite of the fact that it idolizes Pilsudski, went lately to warn him that they would declare a general strike if he did not make peace promptly. Even the National Democrats, I hear, urge peace in the secret sessions of the Diet's Committee, though in public they talk the old Chauvinism.

On the other hand it is undoubtedly true the army itself is full of fight. It consists chiefly of very young conscripts who are not weary of war as the rest of Europe is. It enjoys the romantic life of this old-world border-warfare, where the boredom of trench tactics is unknown. It is well paid, and enriches itself in gallant raids. It is a fresh force, surging with national spirit, pitted against a weary army of much older men. At its head is the singular figure of Pilsudski, the typical romantic Pole, a Democrat in his politics, and yet an amateur of soldiering, who dreams of reviving the glories of the seventeenth century by a march on Moscow.

The dangers of this situation are obvious. The Bolsheviks may be forced to bring up overwhelm-

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ing numbers, and if once the Polish front gives way then all the discontent of alien populations, persecuted Jews and starving workers in its rear, may make a catastrophe. A military coup d'état in Germany might at the same moment aggravate the confusion. A dragging war on the other hand, even if it had no startling military consequences, would prolong the starvation and postpone the recovery of all eastern Europe. The Polish claim for the line of 1772 is preposterous megalomania. But the responsibility lies with the Allies who have deliberately refrained from defining or even sketching Poland's frontiers on the east. A new war opens out before us, and that League of Nations, which should have intervened, remains idle and silent, the ghost of a dim hope. It languishes in the shadow of the Supreme Council, and the Council itself does not act. H. N. BRAILSFORD.

Is Palmer Guilty of "High Crimes"?

MR. PALMER and his counselors and agents have inspired and have conducted a reign of mass-law—of mass-inquiries, mass-searches, mass-seizures, mass-raids, mass-arrests, mass-incarcerations—violating in principle the spirit of law and violating inhumanly in practice the specific purposes of the Bill of Rights of the Constitution—all to the knowledge of members of the House of Representatives and all without impeachment by the House. I ask: What are high crimes?

Or is it impossible for the Attorney-General of the United States, no matter what he does, to commit high crimes in actions against members of the working-class?

The person now held up as a high criminal is Mr. Post of the Labor Department. Mr. Palmer forced the Labor Department into letting him go out and catch deportable aliens with a scoop. The Labor Department was catching them individually. Mr. Palmer, by running a propaganda to show that deportable aliens were about to ruin the country, coerced the Labor Department into letting him go out and haul them in wholesale with a steam-shovel and a belt-conveyor. Then Mr. Post, who had to sit back in the Labor Department and run the separator for all this red ore as it arrived, found that a lot of it was not red at all. I am not surprised.

The sociological engineering skill of Mr. Palmer's Rough-on-Reds Division may be gauged by the fact that its chief representative in New York —Mr. Scully—has testified that an Anarchist and a Communist are the same thing.

Mr. Post found that certain workingmen, charged with being guilty of deportable Redness, were in law and in fact innocent. They had no Redness on them, that he could see. Thereupon members of the House of Representatives, who could see no end of Redness on them, haled Mr. Post to the Capitol in proceedings intended to have something or other to do with Article Two Section Four of the Constitution, which provides that:

"The President, Vice-President, and all civil Officers of the United States, shall be removed from office on Impeachment for, and Conviction of, Treason, Bribery and other high Crimes and Misdemeanors."

Nobody thinks that Mr. Post was bribed by these workingmen. But he let a lot of them off. He is charged with protecting their rights excessively and unlawfully and unconstitutionally. It is a ridiculous charge, as the facts in time will show. But I am not concerned here with its falsity or its truth. I am concerned with its quickness. How quickly a man is guilty of high crimes if he is thought to have protected the rights of workingmen unconstitutionally!

And how slowly is he guilty of high crimes when he is absolutely known to have *violated* the rights of workingmen unconstitutionally!

I will now remind the reader, of the Attorney-General's several separate sorts of violation of the personal rights and of the property rights of members of the working-class in the course of the recent revolutionary outbreak of governmental mass-action against alleged radical aliens. And I would like to ask the reader to imagine what the House of Representatives would do if similar violations took place, of the personal rights and of the property rights of merchants and manufacturers.

In the following paragraphs the word people is used for working people.

Mr. Palmer has repeatedly caused the houses of people to be *searched* without any warrant obtained from any warrant-granting authority. He has repeatedly caused the property of people to be *seized* without any warrant obtained from any warrant-granting authority. He has thus repeatedly violated the right mentioned in the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution—the right of people to be secure in their "houses," and in their

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"papers and effects," against unauthorized and "unreasonable" "searches and seizures."

Mr. Palmer's agents—sometimes in the direct employ of the Department of Justice—sometimes chosen out of local police forces to assist the Department of Justice—have seized people's papers, pamphlets, books, pictures and other effects arbitrarily; and they have also destroyed people's furniture, including even staircase railings, and have gone on from unlawful unconstitutional seizure of property to ordinary criminal malicious destruction of property.

Details of their behavior have been furnished to the Department of Justice at Washington. Mr. Palmer, by silence, sanctions their behavior.

Mr. Palmer has been as unlawful in *arrests* as in searches and seizures. He has caused a multitude of people to be arrested without any warrant presented from any warrant-granting authority. He has thus repeatedly violated the right mentioned in the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution—the right of people to be secure against being deprived of their liberty except through "due process of law."

Mr. Palmer, further, through his unrebuked agents, has caused many arrested persons to be held without communication with friends and without assistance from counsel; and, through his mass-imprisonments, he has kept many imprisoned persons awaiting *trial* for week after week and month after month. He has thus violated the right mentioned in the sixth amendment to the Constitution—the right of people to a "speedy trial."

Mr. Palmer, through agents unrebuked and unchecked, has also violated the right mentioned in the eighth amendment to the Constitution—the right of people to be secure against "cruel punishments." Arrested persons, imprisoned persons, unarmed, defenseless, have been struck, kicked, knocked down, beaten with blackjacks, protractedly beaten, tortured, by Mr. Palmer's agents. They have thus been punished—and *cruelly punished*—without any trial at all.

I will now illustrate some of these violations of rights by instancing the case—and the affidavit—of Semeon Nakhwat.

Semeon Nakhwat is a Russian. On November 8, 1919, he attended a meeting of Russians in Bridgeport. He was at that time in the employ of the American Brass Company at Ansonia, earning 46½ cents an hour and working ten hours a day. He is a machinist. He belonged to the Union of Russian Workers. He says that he was interested in the courses of instruction in mechanics given by the Union. He says that he does not take much interest in "political theories." He says that he is not an anarchist, socialist, or Bolshevik.

Let us assume, however, that on November 8, 1919, he was an anarchist, socialist, Bolshevik, criminal anarchist, left-wing socialist, communist, syndicalist, criminal syndicalist, radical, red radical, and Red Radical Revolutionist—the three R's of the kindergarten class in sociology in the Department of Justice. Let us assume that he was all of those things. He had not been convicted of any of them. He was in law innocent.

In his affidavit, written down and sworn to, he states his ensuing experience and says:

That he was arrested by a special agent of the Department of Justice along with 63 other men at the meeting of Russians above-mentioned.

That neither at that time nor at any other time was any warrant for his arrest shown him.

That he was held in jail for six weeks without any hearing.

That in the seventh week he had a hearing before an officer of the Department of Labor.

That he was then returned to jail.

That he was kept in jail five months without any further hearing.

That during those five months he was permitted just one interview with a friend.

That during those five months he was kept continuously in a cell except, as he says, "for two or three minutes each day when I was allowed to go to wash my face at a sink and five minutes once a month when I was allowed to take a bath in a tub."

That during those five months he was not allowed to have any books or newspapers, though he asked for them.

That a lawyer who came to the jail to see other prisoners at last observed his case and secured his release on bail—on April 7, 1920.

That in the thirteenth week of his imprisonment the special agent of the Department of Justice who had arrested him came to his cell and the following incident, which I give in his own words, happened:

"He asked me to give him the address of a man named Boyko in Greenpoint, Brooklyn. I did not know this man and told him I did not. He thereupon struck me twice with his fist and once in the jaw, whereupon I fell. He then kicked me and I became unconscious."

I would like to ask the reader:

Imagine that the Federal Trade Commission was empowered to deport alien profiteers. Imagine that the Attorney-General began a propagandist newspaper campaign to show that the alien profiteers were nevertheless about to ruin the country. Imagine that in this way he forced the Federal Trade Commission to let him go after the alien profiteers with mass-law. Imagine that he pro-

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ceeded to search the homes of large numbers of very rich unnaturalized Italians, Frenchmen and Englishmen without any warrant obtained from any warrant-giving authority. Imagine that he seized the papers and effects of a great many of them without warrant. Imagine that he arrested whole groups of them without warrant. Imagine that he permitted his agents to attack a lot of them with fists and feet and blackjacks and other weapons. Imagine that he filled the jails so full of them that the Federal Trade Commission could not keep up with the cases. Imagine that, therefore, these profiteers—very rich—were obliged to stay in cells for weeks and months. Imagine that, therefore, they experienced the customs of jails—the barbarous customs of jails—while they awaited trial, and awaited it. And imagine that large numbers of them in the end were declared by the Federal Trade Commission to be not profiteers at all. And imagine that meanwhile all their rich American friends—members of clubs which rich aliens frequent—had been writing letters to members of the House of Representatives, detailing the facts of these cases. Then I ask you:

Would somebody in the Federal Trade Commission be haled before the House of Representatives detailing Mr. Palmer's methods. Then I ask you:

Would somebody in the Federal Trade Commission be haled at once before the House of Representatives for high crimes?

Or would it be Mr. Palmer that was the high criminal first?

WILLIAM HARD.

Peace

I have become as quiet as the ground
beneath the pines,
And my hours fall slow
Like the fragrant lines
Of needles slipped on needles long ago.

Beneath young pines
That pattern all their yearnings dark
against the sky
I lie,
And through their wild unrest
my starlight shines.

Young fern-coils stir
And dream designs
Where once my dreams close-folded were;
And I
I give them shelter and the balm of fir:
I have become as quiet as the ground
beneath the pines.

RISA LOWIE.

CORRESPONDENCE

"Ever Been in Emporia?"

SIR: In a recent issue one of your correspondents, Mr. O. H. W. disposing of various Presidential candidates, coming to Governor Henry J. Allen, dismisses him thus: "He is from Emporia. Have you ever been in Emporia?" As a matter of fact, Governor Allen lives in Wichita, in many ways a better town than Emporia, but in certain fundamental ways not so good a town. For Wichita has seven or eight times as many people as Emporia and it often happens that towns lose their value as civilized abodes somewhat in relation to their increase in population.

But, sir, having permitted this unkind swipe at a community in which, I am sure, two or three people in every thousand regularly subscribe to the New Republic—rather a high average—and as many more buy it at the newsstands, permit me to say a few words in behalf of Emporia—not as a particular village, but as a typical midwestern town. For it seems to me that these midwestern towns have developed a type of civilization just as commendable as the civilization developed in the larger centers. So in cataloging what seem to me the worthy things in this community, I do not wish to be thought a Pharisee, thanking God that Emporia is not like other towns, but instead I wish the reader would remember that most of the things for which we are thankful in Emporia are the things which other midwestern towns, and many American small towns in every section of the country enjoy.

Let us first consider the distribution of material things: Emporia is a town of ten thousand people. That means two thousand families. The town owns its water-works system and running water is found in every house. Twenty-four hundred telephones are installed in the town. The town owns its lighting system—which is operated under a lease—and eighteen hundred houses are electric lighted. We have but three apartment buildings in town, and the average householder lives upon a lot 55 by 130 feet, giving a garden space, a lawn and trees about every home. We have in our banks nearly seven million dollars, which is not so much money, but it is distributed among thirteen thousand depositors. And the distribution of these things—water, light, communication, money and grass plots we feel is the significant thing about the town. Garbage is collected municipally, we have sewers along every street and are now spending $100,000 for a septic sewage disposal plant, we have twenty-five miles of paving. A municipal band furnishes free concerts to the people and we have two small orchestral societies. We also have municipal inspection of milk and bakeries. Three public swimming pools and a bathing beach at the Country Club are provided for the youths who care for swimming, and four public gymnasiums keep them out of mischief. We have 2,700 students in our public schools, of which 400 are high school students attending two high schools. Three public libraries with a branch library are open to readers in four quarters of the town. Two colleges in the town, a state Normal College and a Presbyterian College, account for the fact that a large per cent of our high school graduates go to college. We have two hundred thousand dollars invested in a Y. M. C. A. building and a Y. W. C. A. building and in the two buildings we house over 150 young men and women clerks, railroad people and wage earners, much better than they could be housed upon

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a commercial basis for what they can afford to pay. We have two large hospitals—one a county hospital maintained by public taxes—it is under construction now—and we have a welfare association which connects the itinerant and seasonal worker with a job, gives work to all seekers, provides a free public market place for persons selling country produce and garden truck, and also provides a storage house where county staples used in the winter for the poor, such as coal, wood, beans, sugar, etc., are collected when they may be bought cheaply and distributed when they are needed, saving the graft which the small merchant makes sometimes on "pauper orders." The town is a union town with the closed shop idea unquestioned, and we have not had a strike in a quarter of a century. Men in the building trades get $1 an hour, a uniform eight-hour day prevails in all trades; women work under a minimum wage set by the state on an eight-hour shift. We have three healthy organs of civic opinion—soviets in the manner speaking—the Chamber of Commerce, the City Federation of Labor, and the Woman's City Club. They are active and more than that they are cooperative. We have commission form of government, a compulsory nonpartisan ballot, the initiative, referendum and recall, and we have had woman suffrage on all city matters for 34 years. In the charter of the town granted in 1857 a clause invalidated the title to any lot whereon liquor was sold contrary to law, and we have no more trouble enforcing the prohibitory law with its search and seizure clauses than we have enforcing the law against chicken stealing. We have not an able-bodied man or woman in the poor house; we had less than 100 arrests for all offenses in the town during this last year. The entire criminal court costs of the town and county—a county of 25,000 people—were less than $1,500 last year while we spent $119,950 in taxes for schools. There are more automobiles in Emporia according to the registration books than there are families in town.

So much for material things. Every year for a decade we have had a musical festival wherein choruses from all over the state come, and at these festivals we have hired the New York Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Damrosch, or, and sometimes and, the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, with accompanying soloists, and we have during the winter the usual concerts and lectures having at one time or another heard most of the important musical artists of the world. During the past year we have had a fair line of "shows"; Otis Skinner, who took away $2,000 for a night's performance, Margaret Anglin, Guy Bates Post, Oh Boy, O Lady Lady, Hedda Gabbler, Stuart Walker's Company, The Coburn Players and the usual run of that sort of thing. Competent professionals presented Carmen, Aida, and Robin Hood during the year. For a week the town turned out, filling a hall that holds a thousand and looked at pictures from the Chicago Art Institute and listened to lectures on Better Homes by a landscape gardener, and an interior decorator. Two book stores and five news stands carry the "six best," sell the monthly magazines and the weekly reviews. Twenty-three hundred copies of the town's daily newspaper and 1,200 copies of the Kansas City Star are read in town daily, and as soon as the windows of the town are open for spring, the voice of the phonograph is heard in the land, and some of the music reproduced is good music.

So much for art. Now for life: There one is puzzled. It is hard to say whether a community in which there is a fairly equitable distribution of wealth, a fairly high grade of literacy, a fairly low degree of poverty, and practically no crime, is worth while. Perhaps Athens with none of these things gave more to the world than more righteous and circumspect cities. Doubtless Babylon gave less. About our own larger cities with their inequities of living conditions, who can surely tell the truth? Does the prong of the harrow in the heart make men secrete something which the race needs for its permanent happiness, something called art? And does it need that secretion more than it needs justice in the terms of living? Who can say? Only if there is any merit in establishing a nearer approach to the approximate justice of God in the relations of life, than is found in larger cities, these small towns have some merit. But these institutions and these relations of our dreams come only after hard work by a few people who lead. So perhaps it may not be the last word of wisdom to dismiss all the considerable amount of aspiration and struggle, all the "long days of labor and nights devoid of ease," which scores of their citizens year after year, have put upon their local problems, with the snippy snort,—"ever been in Emporia?"

Emporia, Kansas. W. A. WHITE.

Treaty "Logic"

SIR: It is indeed a sad spectacle which the American people has presented to the world since November 11, 1918, but there is something still sadder—the faint sound which the would-be thunderers make when they denounce our selfishness and greed and cowardice, our refusal to bear our part in reestablishing world peace, our failure to catch the vision of the new day and so on and so forth. If these outcries against our dastardly desertion of Europe came only from those who, like President Wilson, declare (at St. Louis, September 5, 1919) that the Versailles Treaty is a "great Treaty," "a Treaty of justice," an "absolute renunciation of spoils" (Salt Lake City, September 23rd) they could be wholly understood if not approved. But some of the most scathing attacks on the Senate for its rejection of the Treaty come from those who declare that the terms are unworkable and unjust. Is it any wonder that men of ordinary intelligence lose interest in the whole matter when they hear the Senate condemned for refusing to ratify the Treaty by the very ones who say that the Treaty is bad? What are plain citizens to think of newspapers which blame France for trying to enforce the Treaty and blame the Senate for refusing to ratify it?

The Springfield Republican says of the Treaty:

"It is not such a Treaty as France single-handed could have imposed on Germany, nor even after the war had been won would France have dared to impose such terms if it had not counted on the aid of its Allies in enforcing them."

But the President, whom the Republican defends with undiminished zeal, says that the Treaty is "a great Treaty"—"a Treaty of justice."

"In standing for the strict execution of a Treaty dictated in a paroxysm of hate," says the Republican, "France will increasingly as time passes find itself in opposition to those great moral forces through which the Allies won the war."

But the Republican has urged and is still urging the United States to ratify this "Treaty dictated in a paroxysm of hate," with never a suggestion that there should be a single reservation regarding the terms.

Herbert Hoover, in his prophetic letter to President Wilson of April 11, 1918, said:

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"Another objective might be that we should remain in these commissions [set up by the Versailles Treaty] with a view to securing justice and moderation in the demands of the Allies against the central empires. We would thus be thrust into the repulsive position of the defender of our late enemy, in order to secure what we would conceive to be constructive and statesmanlike rehabilitation in Europe. Our experience during the last three months has shown us bitterly that we thus subject ourselves to complaint and attack from the Allied governments and such a continued relationship should breed the most acute international friction. . . . Already . . . Americans who sit on such commissions, if they don't acquiesce and assist in enforcing any propositions from various government officials, become immediately and personally subject to attack, being made inimical to their interests, and with the powerful engines of propaganda which they employ in Europe and our own country no such man can endure long. These governments, if they were faced with the sole responsibility for their actions, would not attempt the measures which they seek under our protection. . . . .

"If we continue to sit in the enforcement of this peace we will be in effect participating in an armed alliance in Europe. . . . . As the central empires and Russia will not be for some years admitted to the League, and if we continue in what is in effect an armed alliance in Europe dominating these empires, the League will become simply a few neutrals gyrating around this armed alliance. It will tend to drive the central empires and Russia into an independent league."

Mr. Hoover, speaking at Johns Hopkins University February 23, 1920, said:

"The Treaty as distinguished from the Covenant was born in fire and suffering, a sense of wrong, the passions of revenge and fear that grow from them. Already many of its signatories are acknowledging that it must be revised."

But Mr. Hoover, candidate for the Republican nomination for the Presidency of the United States, sings a different tune. He wants "a forward-looking, liberal, constructive platform on the Treaty," wants "the League of Nations with proper reservations safeguarding American tradition and interests." In other words Mr. Hoover wants the Versailles Treaty and the League Covenant ratified—wants the United States to set its seal of approval on the Treaty which was "born in fire" and on the League which "is in effect an armed alliance . . . . dominating the central empires and Russia."

"The League of Nations," says David Lawrence, commenting on the French occupation of Frankfort, "was designed by President Wilson to meet exactly the situation that has arisen. It was to negative any territorial pretensions or arbitrary interpretation of the Peace Treaty. Article X was a pledge to preserve territorial integrity." Had the United States ratified the Treaty and joined the League and "had the council of the League been functioning," he says, "the question would have required a unanimous vote before France could have acted in occupying German territory."

It is nonsense to treat the Ruhr valley crisis as if it resulted from some territorial quarrel happening in 1950, and then to say that the "League of Nations was designed by President Wilson to meet exactly the situation that has arisen." For the controversy, in the last analysis, is over the terms of the Treaty of Versailles; and the League of Nations was designed to enforce the Treaty of Versailles. At least that is what the President himself declared on his western tour last fall. At Helena, Montana, September 11th, he said that the Treaty could not be carried out without the League. At Bismarck, North Dakota, September 10th, he said that the Covenant had been put first in the Treaty because without it the rest of the Treaty would be worthless. "Germany wants us to stay out of this Treaty," he said at Coeur D'Alene, Idaho, September 12th, "not under the delusion that we would seek to aid her, but with the knowledge that the guarantees would not be sufficient without America." Again at Cheyenne, Wyoming, September 24th, "Germany is not anxious for the United States to be among the nations in on the League." But why not? Is not America, in the League, to see that the Treaty is enforced in a moderate fashion? That is the argument of the Springfield Republican, the New York Evening Post and David Lawrence and others.

"Whatever happens as the result of a French adventure across the Rhine," says the New York World, "the American people can not escape their share of the responsibility. The senate that has undertaken to veto the peace of the world is their senate."

But why blame the American people for being bewildered when Wilson says the Treaty is perfectly proper and then calls France militaristic because she wants to enforce it, when Hoover calls it a document "born in fire" and wants it ratified, with "proper reservations," when the Springfield Republican says it was "dictated in a paroxysm of hate" and wants it ratified but not enforced?

Why blame the American people for the following platform of the uplift movement headed by Hoover?

The Treaty is bad.

Therefore let us ratify it.

The League of Nations is good, because it is going to enforce the bad Versailles Treaty.

Therefore let us join it immediately, with "proper" reservations.

We condemn Hiram Johnson for fighting a Treaty which we declare bad.

We declare that the only way to bring peace to a waiting world is to promise to enforce a war-breeding Treaty.

MYRON M. JOHNSON.

Hartford, Connecticut.

"Hooking Up the 48-ers"

SIR: The United Americans, who are now the defendants in a libel suit brought by the Committee of 48, stated that the latter organization was connected with others such as the Communist party, the I. W. W., etc., all of which, acting under different names, had as their object the bringing about of a revolution in New York in 1922—all details except date and time stated circumstantially.

The United Americans admittedly made no investigation of the Committee of 48, but obtained this surprising information from the Greater Iowa Association and the Iowa magazine. The New Republic will be interested to learn that it is one of the links in an appalling chain of evidence which leads to the above conclusion.

In substance, this evidence is as follows:

Swinburne Hale is on the executive committee of the Committee of 48. He knows Albert Rhys Williams. Williams wrote a book on Lenin. This book was advertised in the Liberator. The editors of this magazine are Max and Crystal Eastman. Then the views of the Liberator are expressed.

Others interested in the Committee of 48 are Mr. Villard, Allen McCurdy and Lincoln Colcord of the Nation,

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and the statement is made that "President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor, in the February 20th number of The Federationist, condemns Bolshevism quite severely and laments publicly the dangerous influence of 'those so-called journals of opinion, such as the Nation, the New Republic and the Dial.'"

Another person connected with the Committee of 48 is Austin Haines, editorial writer of the Iowa Homestead, and the startling fact appears that "Mr. Haines has been a contributor to the New Republic, one of the journals referred to above by Mr. Gompers."

It also appears that Glenn Plumb is interested in the Committee of 48, and another article in the magazine explains that "the Plumb plan is a soviet scheme," and quotes from the New Solidarity, the I. W. W. paper, as follows: "The Plumb plan is called Socialism by some, and I. W. W.ism by others—the last is nearer correct."

Throughout the article, which is headed: "Combining the Radicals or Hooking up the 48-ers," appear generous citations from the Liberator, which advertised the book of Williams, and views of other radicals and radical papers. The premises being clear, the conclusion follows.

The argument is:

Title: Hooking up the 48-ers.

Among the Liberals, whether connected with the Committee of 48 or not, are:

Swinburne Hale
Albert Rhys Williams
Oswald Garrison Villard
Austin Haines
Allen McCurdy
Lincoln Colcord
and others.

Williams wrote a book on Lenin.

Then appear excerpts from the book.

An advertisement of the book appeared in the Liberator, of which Max and Crystal Eastman are the editors.

Then come articles from the Liberator.

Villard, Colcord and McCurdy are, or were, connected with the Nation.

Gompers says the Nation and the New Republic are dangerous papers.

Austin Haines was a contributor to the New Republic.

What is clearer than that the Committee of 48 believes in revolution?

"Have you a scar on your arm?" said one man to another whom he met on the street.

"No," said the other.

"Then you are my long lost brother."

ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS.

New York City.

Fred Howe: Economic Statesman

SIR: The Presidential candidate for this year should represent economic rather than political statesmanship. I refer to the Presidential candidate who will be acceptable to liberals. Let the old parties have their political candidates as heretofore. Let the liberals have a candidate who adds to political qualifications the more important qualification of economic statesmanship.

The writings, utterances, and career of Frederic C. Howe show him to be of the right calibre for a Presidential candidate at a time demanding economic statesmanship. No man in America has put into more lucid English the economic conditions that determine international relationships and the economic factors which have produced in the United States the high cost of living and economic inequality. There is a simplicity about Mr. Howe which enables him to meet less trained thinkers upon common ground. His social theory, while comprehensive and far reaching, takes form in crisp rules of action which a labor unionist, farmer, or business man can grasp. His sympathies are with the wage-earning, salary-earning, and producing classes, yet his associations are anything but provincial and narrow.

It is folly to assume that the candidate of a liberal movement cannot be elected this year. This is the best year in our history for the election of a liberal President. A candidate upon the general platform of reducing the high cost of living would appeal to an immense number of voters, men and women. Such a platform would necessarily sanction various fundamental steps of socialization, and might be so expressed as to collect into a third party movement the great number of voters who no longer have any use for the two old parties. We might be surprised at the response to a ticket consisting of Frederic C. Howe and Lynn J. Frazier.

ARLAND D. WEEKS.

Fargo, North Dakota.

Mrs. Wilcox Once More

BUT, dear sir, who ever dreamed of taking Mrs. Wilcox seriously? Not I. Miss Dunn is evidently a modest and sensible person, whom I am sorry to have vexed, but she is not clever at catching the point. Now had she taxed me with taking the English painters too seriously the hit had been a smart one. But Miss Dunn, unless I mistake, is one of those extraordinary beings who take no pleasure in giving pain—not even to people so unpopular and impertinent as

Your obedient servant,

CLIVE BELL.

London, England.

New Republic Verse

SIR: In reading a most interesting article on African Aboriginal Therapy, by Philip A. E. Sheppard, in the current number of The American Journal of Public Health, I find his quotation of a little verse which I enclose herewith, thinking that it may be of interest to your readers as being a splendid example of the type of poetry which your interesting publication so loves to set forth.

"Tooth of fox and weasel's bone,
Eye of cat and skull of cat,
And the hooked wing of the bat;
Mandrake root and murderer's gore,
Henbane, hemlock, hellebore,
Lithium, storax, bellium, borax,
Ink of cuttlefish and feather
Of screech owl, smoke together."

GEORGE L. ROBINSON.

New York City.

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Get an Electric Washing Machine

SIR: One thought bewilders us in the midst of the recent stream of professorial confessions. Are the wives of all these professors invalids? Why is the professor always found furtively washing baby-clothes in the basement laundry, or washing the family dishes, or pacing the floor with a colicky baby at night? Can it be that the professors' wives belong to that class of economically dependent women so abhorrent to F. H.? Or would they venture the conclusion that a woman, doing the housework for a family of four, has a heavier burden to bear than does her teacher husband?

A professor is accustomed to hearing men in industry speak slightingly of his labor. Two or three hours a day? Perhaps a few papers to correct? But it seems inconceivable that a *wife,* who is apt to pride herself on possessing intellectual qualities rather above the average, should show a like ignorance of what the work of a professor involves.

Does she not realize that his supposedly leisure hours are not his own at all? That to do himself and his students justice, he must devote all the time he can accumulate to reading, to study, to all that deepens the background of his lectures and gives him the consciousness of mastery over his subject?

Housework is often offered as a delightful change for the man who works with his mind. But the validness of this seems quite disproved by the bitterness and pettiness engendered in the spirit of such a man over the washtub. Nothing is recreation that does not clarify his thoughts, strengthen his spirit, intensify the keenness of his vision.

How can a man in economics give his students a grip on present day problems unless he reads tremendously, studies today's conditions at first hand, talks with men in practical affairs, nothing of which is possible if his wife claims him for her work as well? What is true of economics is true of history and literature, and other subjects in the college curriculum. Perhaps we wives, fully as much as meager salaries, are to blame for the intellectual smallness of so many of our college teachers and for the loss to the world of poets, whose wings have been clipped in the basement laundry!

During the war, women, left alone at home, found themselves quite capable of doing all the things they hitherto had expected their husbands to do for them,—and more. It is only by honestly carrying our share that we who make our homes a profession, can hold our heads as high as the woman with an outside career, can feel that we are economically as independent as she, a claim we are so eager to make.

If housework seems too burdensome, we have at least two alternatives before appealing to our husbands for aid. We can find for ourselves more congenial work outside the home, or we can put all those intellectual talents of which we are so proud, into eliminating excessive drudgery from our housework. Of what use is our intellect if it does not give us a proper sense of values, if it does not enable us to distinguish between essentials and unessentials? We can keep our children clean, but dress them in rompers that require a minimum of ironing. We can give them fresh fruits and cereals with cream instead of desserts and cakes that keep us in the kitchen half the morning. We can tramp with the children afternoons instead of either working at home or playing bridge at the club. Night, then, will find us refreshed and not "too tired to read the paper" (or even The New Republic!). Judicious planning on our part will make it quite unnecessary for us to be distressed by the sound of Father "washing the dishes while we put the children to bed." As long as we have minds to use, our work need be no heavier than his, unless we so choose. We can take time for worth-while comradeship with our husbands and our children, if we wish it. We women, I find,—even those of us who are compelled to manage on the much advertised professor's salary,—somehow always make time for the things we really love, if only we love them enough and love them honestly.

KAREN MONRAD JONES.

Wood or Debs?

SIR: I am an uncompromising socialist.

I am doing all I can to hasten the establishment of socialism in our country.

But, I am puzzled.

Whom should I support for the Presidency of the United States,—General Wood or Comrade Debs?

The problem is not a simple one, by any means.

The election of General Wood will undoubtedly be accompanied by the election of a Republican congress.

Both the administration and congress will be not merely Republican; they will be conservative and reactionary.

Capital, vested rights, property rights, privilege, monopoly,—in short, plutocracy,—will be intrenched as never before.

The groups in control of our government will crush without hesitation or mercy, all attempts of organized and unorganized labor to change existing conditions, to gain a larger portion of the goods produced by themselves, and to obtain a voice in the management of the industries.

Crushed in such attempts, labor will become more and more bitter. Preachers of discontent and protest will find ready listeners.

Unable to express itself, labor will become the servant of passions, deep and intense.

Some incident or other will finally set off the charge, and a dreadful explosion will shatter our social fabric.

But, out of the wreckage will arise a new order, a living Socialist Commonwealth.

It is true, I prefer a more peaceful, though longer road to the Promised Land.

But, I am puzzled.

Whom should I support for the Presidency of the United States,—General Wood or Comrade Debs?

Brooklyn, New York. A. FIRKANALN.

Let the Dark Horse Neigh

SIR: Why must we remain in the dark until Mr. Hoover sees fit to speak? The New Republic has definite progressive principles of its own; it was among the first to urge Mr. Hoover's candidacy. In so doing, it must have believed that it was promoting the principles for which it stands. This presupposes some tangible reasons for its apparent belief that Mr. Hoover in the main shares its views.

It is therefore up to The New Republic to let us into the secret, and tellus what are the "progressive principles" to which Mr. Hoover holds.

KARL W. KIRCHWEY.

New York City.

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VERSE

April

Now is come the time for singing,
Life is springing,
Like a child released from sleeping,
Drowsy, smiling, rosy, dreaming,
Softly beaming,
Summer through her eyelids peeping.

Gradually, delight increasing,
Never ceasing,
Earth's brown furrows grow more tender,
Changing all their frozen sadness
Into gladness
For the glory they engender.

Now the busy rooks are rending
Nests, and mending;
Now the thrush, who knows not sorrow
Mocks the blackbird, who remembers
His Decembers,
While he sings of hope tomorrow.

Now the choiring larks remind us
Death's behind us,
Yet, rememb'ring in their homing
How the world still hates a lover,
Never hover
Where they love, lest death be coming.

Now primroses, children's plunder,
Stare in wonder,
Infant eyed, remorseless, gazing
From their dewy sweet seclusion
On confusion,
All save innocence dispraising.

Like a touch from healing fingers
Evening lingers
Later on the hills, and morning
Earlier routs the stars' faint tarrying,
Ever carrying
Some new bud for earth's adorning.

Now is come the time for singing
Life is springing:
Earth forgets her yearly dying;
We, whose spring dies once and ever
Forget never
Death of them whose youth is crying,

Crying, crying . . "We were fuel
"O, you cruel,
"For the flames your envy lighted;
"Why sought you, old men, to destroy us,
"The young, the joyous,
"And slay us for a world benighted?

"We were young! You were beholden
"To our golden
"Years for beauty, love, and laughter.
"Fools! You spilled your dearest treasure
"Without measure:
"You shall learn the cost hereafter!"

Do you hear them? Can you hear them
And not fear them,
You who build on hate's foundations?
Feel your earthly kingdom shaking!
They are taking
Ghostly lead of all the nations!

Not for you has April spoken
In her broken
Smiles of a new earth and heaven;
But for us who heard them crying
In their dying,
Unto us the word is given!

Unto us the word comes ringing
In April's singing!
"No more let brother murder brother!
"O, you who love us and bewail us
"Do not fool us!
"Love . . love . . love . . love one another!"

IRENE MCLEOD.

New Orleans

Do you remember
Honey-melon moon
Dripping thick sweet light
Where Canal Street saunters off by herself
among quiet trees?
And the faint decayed patchouli—
Fragrance of New Orleans . . .
New Orleans,
Like a dead tube rose
Upheld in the warm air . . .
Miraculously whole.

LOLA RIDGE.

Wind in the Alleys

Wind, rising in the alleys,
My spirit lifts in you like a banner
streaming free of hot walls.
You are full of unshaped dreams . . .
You are laden with beginnings . . .
There is hope in you . . . not sweet . . .
acrid as blood in the mouth.
Come into my tossing dust
Scattering the peace of old deaths,
Wind rising out of the alleys
Carrying stuff of flame.

LOLA RIDGE.

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Books and Things

WHETHER the story be true or not is more than I can say. A Democratic Senator was fond of telling it in Washington a few years ago. He had been on the inside at the Baltimore Convention of 1912, had usefully given the proper wire the proper pull at the proper time. Not many weeks after the election he dropped in on Mr. Wilson—it was long ago, remember, it was before the Great Seclusion had set in—to talk things over. The eminent Senator spoke with gaiety to Mr. Wilson about what had happened at Baltimore. He recalled certain rather humorous details. And he finished by remarking that although things had seemed pretty dark at one time "we certainly did a good job." Mr. Wilson's face appeared transfigured. It looked as if he were thinking of the land that is very far off. "Yes," he answered in a meditative and somewhat heightened tone, "yes, I think we are justified in saying that the hand of Providence was plainly visible at Baltimore." To the Senator's ear this was one of those comments which reveal character. "When I heard him say that, boys," so the story always ended, "I knew it was all off."

I like this story. It displays and contrasts two points of view. The idealist discloses his rare ability to simplify the past as thoroughly as he is accustomed to simplify the future. Seeing nothing except the hand of God, he sees it with an intensity that excludes from his conscious memory all those other hands which pulled the right wires at the right time, and but for whose efforts the hand of God might have brought a different sort of inevitable to pass. The practical politician, in his more candid moods, remembers a wealth of detail, presided over by a few sagacious manipulators. Whatever else he may think about the hand of God, the practical politician is certain that it usually needs the help of other eminent hands.

There are other possible points of view. There is, for example, the spellbinder's point of view. In his heart he knows,during those intervals of leisure when he is neither delivering nor meditating his specialty, that at nine conventions out of ten the result would be the same if there were no nominating or seconding speeches. Knowing this, he must for the next few weeks behave as if he did not know it. It is his duty to behave as if he did not know it. His aim is to make, at Chicago or San Francisco, a crescendo nominating speech, which near its beginning will be punctuated by cheers, near its middle will be interrupted by a storm of cheers, and after it is over will be followed by a perfect storm of cheers, also called pandemonium. His hero may be as uninspiring as Senator Knox, as drab —though this seems no longer possible—as Senator Harding. No matter. No difficulty is too formidable for the spellbinder. Never does his task appal him, though it be to make a statute, something in the marmorschoen or aere perennius line, of a sitter for whom butter would be an unduly imperishable medium.

In one respect the spellbinder has an advantage over Dante, who boasted that his search for a rhyme had never led him to say, from the beginning to the end of the Divine Comedy, anything he did not mean. It would be a misplay for the spellbinder to say only what he meant. His words need not and often do not have any meaning at all. His difficulty blows upon him from another quarter. His words must be arranged in one of those gross patterns of sound which have the power to excite many delegates, many weary delegates, delegates who know as well as he does upon what proper name his speech will end, and whom he must nevertheless keep in a kind of bogus emotional suspense. He cannot surprise their minds, but there is something in them that he must surprise.

A difficult art. Is it also a deteriorating art? I see no reason for thinking so, though the standard set in the past does look uncomfortably high. Listen, for instance, to this: "Realizing that imperialism, like the fabled Antaeus, was born of earth, and that contended with upon the selfish, wordly plane of greed and gold, it was of giant strength, and if thrown down would rise again refreshed from contact with its mother element, he, like the mighty Hercules, raised it above the sordid sphere from which its strength was drawn and on a plane of lofty patriotism he strangled it. . . . So it only remains for Nebraska to pronounce the name that has been thundered forth from the foot of Bunker Hill and echoed back from Sierra's sunset slope, and that reverberates among the pine-clad, snow-capped hills of the north and rises up from the slumbering flower-scented savannahs of the south; and that name is the name of William Jennings Bryan, her best-loved son." Can you beat it? You cannot, nor can I, but the right party can. Listen again: "In all the whole broad land every furnace that roars, every whistle that blows, every mountain torrent set to toil, every anvil that rings, every locomotive that screams, every steamship that plows the main, every mighty wheel that turns, all are joining in the glad, grand voice of prosperous, progressive, patriotic America, seconding the nomination of our great President, William McKinley. . . . Other candidates of other parties will seek the public confidence and the popular vote. Hawks and buzzards sometimes soar aloft until they cheat the human vision to believe them eagles, but the eagle calmly circles high above them all, the one sole peerless monarch of the snow-capped peaks and the empyrean blue. So in the realm of statesmanship of the United States William McKinley stands above all others—the worthy successor of Washington, Lincoln, Grant and Garfield. Our President now, our President to be—William McKinley of Ohio."

No doubt you agree with me in preferring the second quotation, from Senator Thurston of Nebraska, to the first, from Mr. W. D. Oldham of the same state; and for the same reason: Mr. Oldham said "snow-capped hills"; Senator Thurston said "snow-capped peaks"; peaks are higher than hills. But either orator is a strenuous pacemaker. Anybody who hopes in 1920 to surpass these great men of 1900 will have to shake out all his reefs. And the spellbinder of 1920 has to contend with a new opponent, in the field for the first time. That speaker is advantageously placed, people say, who is in position to appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober. But suppose you multiply Philip by 984, the number of delegates to the Chicago convention, or by 1014, the number of delegates to the San Francisco convention. What then? How would you, you who have hitherto been able to count upon a little alcoholic cordiality in your hearers, like to find yourself confronted, for perhaps the first time in your life, with an audience dejectedly sober? I have wondered sometimes whether even Mr. Bryan, if prohibition had been not only on the statute book but enforced in 1896, wouldn't have had to raise the rhetorical bid he made at Chicago. Perhaps that cross would have had to be made of some more precious metal than gold, that crown of a plant sharper than thorns.

P. L.

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After the Play

WITH jazz rattling through the country from Athens, Ga., to Olympia, Wash., it would be small wonder if people should miss the rhythmic quality of Greek drama, as revived by Maurice Browne. Yet the highly mannered and intensely ritualistic revival of Euripides' Medea, seen in New York at the Garrick Theatre, inspires one to consider rhythm, even against the background of the rhythm of jazz.

Drama as an art, without rhythm, is as unthinkable as a ship without a rudder or government without law. A play can of course be conceived apart from its rhythmic structure, apart from its emotional or intellectual pattern, but the fact that it can be so conceived, as it often is today, only proves the extent of the gap which is yawning between the contemporary and the ideal theatre.

The theatre as an art has its own rhythms, peculiar to its individual nature, but related inevitably to general aesthetic laws. Among these various rhythmic patterns, the simplest classification distinguishes between the personal and the impersonal or between the realistic and the symbolic. There is no inherent obstacle to the fusion of two or more rhythms in a single work of art, provided it be done with understanding and unifying imagination. Only thus can we explain such instances as the plays of the natural and the supernatural by Theodore Dreiser, provocative and not unsuccessful attempts to fuse two apparently inhibitive rhythms on the same stage at the same time. And yet, though fusion is possible, psychological exigencies probably favor a simple homogeneous rhythm.

Against this hastily sketched background, then, the revival of Medea can be made to mean more than a page in the season's experimental record, more than a medium for comparing players past and present, more than an example of new methods in stagecraft. As a deliberate attempt to restore the consciousness of rhythm to the theatre, it bespeaks an attention which its intrinsic merits and failings would not demand. It calls heed to the rhythmic basis of drama and the theatre and exemplifies the difficulties of fusing contrary rhythmic patterns.

In general, the prevailing rhythm of Greek drama was impersonal. Agamemnon and Oedipus and the other heroes of Aeschylus and Sophocles were so much more than men that they were only a little less than gods. The innovation of Euripides lay in the humanizing of his characters within the traditionally impersonal physical conditions of the Greek stage; and the chief of his early works, Medea, is of this dual nature. In his prime, it is true, he developed an impersonal rhythm wherein a personified group feeling superseded the individualized figures of his own earlier plays and took the place of the impersonal supermen of his predecessors.

Maurice Browne, therefore, must have been confronted by a dilemma when he decided to bring Medea back to the modern stage. There was the intensely human and concretely personal figure of the barbarian avenger herself. To the personal rhythm, too, the conditions of our theatre today must have urged him: the small, intimate auditorium, the still smaller stage with its absence of perspective, the lack of masks, the man-made lighting. And yet the impersonal rhythm, too, lured him. The magnificent sweep of story and of feeling, the blind fatality which brought human beings to an unforeseen doom, the recognition and acceptance of life as a force overtopping human will—these were persuasion enough away from a merely realistic interpretation.

The obstacles to a synthesis of personal and impersonal on the same stage are apparent to those who have seen Mr. Browne's production of The Trojan Women as well as that of Medea. In the former, with the impersonal predominant, he approximated his goal much more nearly than in the latter where personal is balanced by impersonal.

The beauties of The Trojan Women were largely unmixed. Those of Medea are often bound up in the same incident with blemishes due to incomplete fusion. Mothers of Ilion in chorus dominated not only the interludes but the entire course of the tragedy. Women of Corinth are but confidants to Medea. As individuals, therefore, they often speak; and Mr. Browne in assigning them a line at a time only emphasizes this disintegral phase of the Medea chorus. At other times, though, they work as a unit—either in chant under the mask-like self-effacement of their leader, or in startlingly vivid group movement as when the upstretched arms sway in pity before Medea's door.

More serious is the conflict between personal and impersonal in the case of the scenery and the lights. Austerity simplified and symbolized is the note of the setting by Raymond Johnson. Walls and door, however, lose not a little of their overaweing power when insignificent shadows play over them, cast by unskilfully placed lights. Impersonal becomes unpleasantly personal, too, when characters depart to right or left into a growing flare of artificial illumination. There can be no honest quarrel with the general principle of the arbitrary and unrealistic use of light to suggest changing moods. It is a dangerous means, though, to a legitimate end, for the scantest slip calls attention away from the emotional reaction to the thought of the mechanism behind the stimulus.

The most obvious difficulties of fusion and those least in the control of the producer are those connected with the individual characterizations of the different actors, for these impersonations, where human beings are not replaced with marionettes or made into abstractions through masks, are almost wholly a matter of the vision and the skill of the player. Much might be written of the varying success with which this problem is rewarded in the case of the several roles, but it would throw little light on the rhythmic questions which are undoubtedly suggested by the production.

The rediscovery of the function of rhythm in drama is likely to lead to a great deal of fumbling through misconception of what rhythm is. It is not mere posturing, nor the repetition of leit-motifs in phrase and tonality and illumination and design. It is, rather, a comprehension of the manner of production which each individual play demands and the discovery of the means of making it effective.

The most that can be hoped for, the least that can be asked, is that alert minds and imaginations may be on the watch for significant native rhythms which can be brought into our theatre to make of it something more than a commerce and a pastime. It is a hopeful sign that Maurice Browne himself, made conscious of the rhythmic nature of drama through the Greeks, looks forward today to a native American drama—realistic, if you like, or built on imagination, but made artistically conscious of itself by recognition of its essential rhythms.

OLIVER M. SAYLER.

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Now It Can Be Told

Now It Can Be Told, by Philip Gibbs. New York: Harper & Bros.

OUR war with Mexico is waiting just round the corner. If Lowden is elected it will probably emerge slowly. If Wood is elected it will come more quickly and be more "inevitable." Christian gentlemen like Bishop Burch are all ready to be uncorked in defense of it. There is no prohibition against that kind of fizz. Special magazine writers of a "progressive" sort are loaded for it. They have on tap the words of Roosevelt, who uttered so many words. The sort of lies that are now spoken against the Bolsheviki, only more so, will be organized by our respectable press against the greasers. Outrages and atrocities will be passionately advertized. The Chicago Tribune and the other less respectable journals will whoop up the sentiment. And a great many young heroes will be enlisted or drafted and will die for liberty on the Mexican front.

And after this war with Mexico, which is so near at hand and about which no one is peeping and about which the administration is deaf-mute, there will be a great deal of glorious candor. But—after, not before. At present great masses of us leave our destiny at the mercy of political weasels like Will Hays. Nobody mentions this war that is being kept on the ice. Its loving proprietor is the Republican party, yet not a word is heard, not a funeral-note. But afterward, when it is too late, we shall spill glorious candor and conscientious objection and the full truth about the filth and brutality, the monstrous futility and idiocy of war.

This is the only sort of consideration that discourages me in reviewing Mr. Gibbs's book. It is a great triumph for him to have written this book, to say the things he does say and reveal the facts he reveals. But we are still unchanged. What real news is being printed from Mexico today? Very little. We live in the sort of blissful ignorance that used to surround venereal disease. Our political medicine men are still tangled in the same old bad etiquette, in secrecy and intrigue, in the same old subservience to business and the same old nationalism. War is evil, etc., but the day after tomorrow wicked Mexico is going to plunge us into war. And then where shall we be? The big fact about the Great War was the inescapability of the situation that wicked Germany created for us. That is the sort of thing that can be made to recur. The state, the present capitalist state, has a stranglehold on us, and in a big war like the last one we could only struggle against it at the risk of destroying ourselves as well as the state. We have devised no way out of this predicament. War is still an evil, a crime, a dirty brutality; yet, disillusioned as we are, we still live on the brink of war. It is this subordination, political and economic and spiritual and biological, that even Mr. Gibbs does not penetrate. We talk against war and we feel against it, but we are like people who believe in economy without being willing to cut down expenses. We are not really honest about avoiding war—not yet.

Yet no one could be more heartbreakingly eager to tell the truth than Philip Gibbs. He conscientiously insists that he was an outsider, not a fighting man, but the fact that he stood by death for four years entitles him to speak for soldiers, and what he has to say is what most of us know. The soldiers who bore the brunt of it had none of the tone of the Owen Wisters and James Becks and John Jay Chapmans and the rest. Not a whiff of it. They did not rave about the Huns. They did not talk in terms of glory. They were not crazy to die. They knew what fear was, and horror, and disgust. They suffered hellishly, maddeningly, unbearably. Many and many of them went mad from suffering. They were not romantic about it. In the British army they laughed and chaffed through it. They did not pull a long face. But they cursed the Higher Ups most of the time. Over and over again they were needlessly sacrificed. Never were they handled with genius. Young pups from the staff patronized them, and breezy old optimists at headquarters ordered them to useless death for the sake of a little prestige. These things Philip Gibbs knew all the time, and he had to see his stuff censored by men in the machine, and he had to see war correspondents misunderstood by the old type of officer, including Haig. To those men war was a game for the inner ring, and the sacrifice of life was a minor consideration. That sacrifice Gibbs depicts without modification. We see men without faces staggering about, men holding in their own entrails, men scraping their leg-stumps along the ground, men squealing like pigs in a trench-hole, men caught in a bewildering cross-fire and standing up to death as if death were an incident and not a climax. The waste of it, as well as the courage of it, are declared by Gibbs. But it is with the sense of waste most of all that he is overwhelmed.

This matters a great deal. Here is Philip Gibbs, covered with praise from head to foot by papers like the cringingly conventional New York Times, and his testimony on war is no more militarist than Tolstoy's. I remember reading War and Peace during the war, and quoting the blunders of generals, and being assured that this was typical—of Russia. Gibbs shows that it is typical of France and of Flanders and of war everywhere. The militarists—so often the men who are immune, the men who are higher up, the diplomats and staff officers and bishops and editorial writers and members of parliament and members of congress—form a huge organization of heartlessness, faithlessness, and irresponsibility, for which the soldiers in the field have to pay a horrible price. So Tolstoy said, in words of genius. So Philip Gibbs reports, in words that have their own kind of extraordinary talent. For 558 pages this is his pro-soldier, anti-militarist theme.

In his candor Philip Gibbs violates practically every preconception of our American militarist press. He riddles in a thousand particulars the impression left by his own dispatches from the front. He destroys the martial figments of brave men like Roosevelt, who were militarist in their own man-born-to-fight way. He explodes the "foul absurdity of the 'corpse factory'" and the Canadian crucifixions and the mutilation stories. He disposes of the mean slanders of men like Owen Wister against German courage. He illustrates the reckless unreliability of men like Bonar Law. He shows how the troops were mishandled again and again—handled "like turnips." The kind of incompetence that Roosevelt himself showed in Cuba he exhibits on a grand scale and in frightful details. "The 4th Australian Division lost three thousand men in an experimental attack directed by the Fifth Army." "Out of three thousand men in the Canadian 8th Brigade their casualties were twenty-two hundred"; words like these Philip Gibbs understands, and brings home to his readers, and does not leave until we have seen the "butcher's shop" where the surgeons operate, and throw out their cartloads of amputated arms and legs.

After describing The Big Push, and the German offensive, and the final crumpling, Mr. Gibbs speaks his veteran mind: "I do not divorce all peoples from their

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governments as victims of a subtle tyranny devised by statesmen and diplomats of diabolical cunning, and by financial magnates ready to exploit human life for greater gains. I see the evil which led to the crime of the war and to the crimes of the peace with deep-spread roots to the very foundations of human society. . . .

"The people of all countries were deeply involved in the general blood-guiltiness of Europe. . . .

"Each side proclaimed Christ as its captain and invoked the blessing and aid of the God of Christendom, though Germans were allied with Turks and France was full of black and yellow men. The German people did not try to avert their ruin by denouncing the criminal acts of their war lords nor by deploring the cruelties they had committed. The Allies did not help them to do so, because of their lust for bloody vengeance and their desire for the spoils of victory. The peoples shared the blame of their rulers because they were not nobler than their rulers. They cannot now plead ignorance or betrayal by false ideals which duped them, because character does not depend on knowledge, and it was the character of the European peoples which failed in the crisis of the world's fate, so that they followed the call-back of the beast in the jungle rather than the voice of the Crucified One whom they pretended to adore.

"The character of European peoples failed in common sense and in Christian charity. It did not fail in courage to endure great agonies, to suffer death largely, to be obedient to the old tradition of patriotism and to the stoic spirit of old fighting races."

It is these moralizings of Mr. Gibbs's long book that must be emphasized. I like his English localism, his fine account of the British and Irish and Canadian and Australian fighters, his picturesque episodes, his highly colored descriptions of battle and gun-fire and shell-shock, his communication of danger and suffering and valor and fear. But more important is his effort to interpret the post-war mind, the mood of Europe, the dismal failure of Wilson, the ignoble peace. This, after all, is the fruit of the tree —no longer the Tree of Heaven. This is the thing for which millions were invited, and in many cases forced, to die.

His conclusion is, in essence, a warning to the ruling class. England "is sick, nigh unto death." "Was it to establish a new imperialism upheld by the power of guns that 900,000 boys of ours died in the war of liberation? I know it was otherwise. . . . It will go hard with the government of England if it plays a grandiose drama before hostile spectators who refuse to take part in it. It will go hard with the nation, for it will be engulfed in anarchy."

That seems to be a just conclusion, after men's experience of the anarchy of war. England, like the United States, is on trial. Millions of men demand of government "unselfish purpose, and fine vision, eager for evolution and not revolution, for peace and not for blood, for Christian charity and not for hatred, for civilization and not for anarchy, to reshape the conditions of our social life and give us a new working order, with more equality of labor and reward, duty and sacrifice, liberty and discipline of soul, combining the virtue of patriotism with a generous spirit to other peoples across the old frontiers of hate."

What leader in the United States can interpret this aspiration of a people restless, and near the edge of revolution? Who can meet this requirement? Is the leader's name Harding? Wood? Hoover? Johnson? Lowden? McAdoo? Hughes? Cox? Eugene Debs? Who is ready to show "a generous spirit" to American strikers, let alone Mexicans? It looks at this moment as if the lesson of the Somme and the Marne were not even half-learned.

F. H.

The Eternal Minnie

Invincible Minnie, by Elizabeth Sanxay Holding. New York: George H. Doran Co.

MOST of the more violent and obviously disgraceful troubles of the world are blamed on the residual cave-man. Civilization is supposed to be the business of putting him in his place. Polite society frowns on his hairy instincts, his fighting, snarling, club-swinging, food-snatching maleness, and education tries to show him the cooperative method of self-preservation. In the tumultuous difficulty of this task, there has been no time to bother much about the cave-woman. She has been let sprawl all over the nursery. Her instincts, being less noisy, haven't been sufficiently disciplined. In fact, she has been encouraged to show them off, the way the picturesque badnesses of spoiled children are encouraged by silly parents. "True to her instincts," a phrase that should be synonomous with "uncivilized," is offered to her as a compliment—and she takes it.

Invincible Minnie is a truthful story about a cave-woman, or, as Minnie would prefer to describe herself, a womanly woman. Miss Holding's unique merit is in seeing that the two are one and the same. For this reason her book is going to be disliked by three large divisions of the human race; one by the men in whom there is enough left of the cave-man to like their women womanly; two, by the Minnies, who naturally won't like to see their source of power attacked, and, three, by the ultra-feminists who won't admit that there are any Minnies, or that if there are it's all the fault of man. To these perhaps Mrs. Holding's book will be most irritating, because it is impossible to doubt its honest objectivity. Minnie exists.

We meet her first at Brownsville Landing, a little town on the banks of the Hudson, "a rather short, full-bosomed young woman of perhaps twenty, with a dark freckled face and an expression very pleasant and friendly." She is living on her grandmother's shabby little farm with her sister Frances. They are Defoes, but unfortunately their Defoe father died without leaving them a penny. Frances had wanted to be a doctor, "such a queer thing for a girl," Minnie told her, and Frances is quietly bullied to stay on the farm. Still she takes a secretarial position in New York City, greatly to her sister's horror. Minnie's instincts are all for the cave, she doesn't intend to jeopardize her chances of a genteel marriage by wandering too far from the hearth. Besides she knows, as the Minnies do know things, that is, "instinctively," that her talents are not the sort that make for independence. She hits on the perfectly ladylike scheme of advertising for a boarder, for a "literary man," who might care to spend the summer on a farm. He comes, but as a matrimonial prospect he is a complete failure, though not even his drunkenness would have stopped Minnie from marrying him, if he hadn't already been married. She reluctantly gives up the farm as a basis of operations, and when Frances comes home on a visit from New York, Minnie swings the club of duty so hard over her sister's head that Frances is forced to stay with the grandmother and Min-

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nie goes off to New York where she has unearthed a mouldy aunt whose "companion" she intends to be.

She carries out her intention, of course, and a little more. Frances, bright, honest, civilized, independent Frances has left a fiancé in New York, Lionel Naylor, a weak and charming young Englishman. She writes him why she can't come back, and Lionel naturally goes to look for Minnie. He finds her, poor lad, and Minnie at once and instinctively falls in love with him.

"She didn't deceive herself. She admitted that she intended to get Lionel away from Frankie by hook or crook. Of course, being Minnie, she felt that it would be for his good and for Frankie's good, and that she was doing it largely for their sakes." But Lionel, though a simple youth, knows that he loves Frances, and Minnie's motherly arguments of his poverty and Frances's youth fail to stop him from trying to go to Brownsville Landing. Unfortunately he has to borrow the money from Minnie, and she insists on bringing it to his room the night before he is going. What follows is nothing less than the rape of Lionel. "He was like the innocent young heroine in a drama; he had a dim perception of something evil, he felt that he ought not to be there alone with Minnie." He was right. Minnie's instincts won the night, and, of course, after that, Lionel has to marry her, in order to make an honest man of himself.

Mrs. Holding now shows Minnie in her glory. She is the sort of wife who peels her husband's apple at breakfast and is fierce about his rubbers. She forces milk-pudding on him "to make him fat"; she leads him out to live in the suburbs in a cottage with "sets" of light oak furniture. "Because she was always busy and always wearing an apron, he believed that she must accomplish an incredible amount of work. There was a great deal of dust about, the meals were always late and often burned, but that all went to prove what a lot there was to be done. She was so hurried, so anxious, always thinking about his comfort."

The inevitable child comes. Before its birth Minnie doesn't particularly want it, except as an extra noose on Lionel, but afterwards she blazes into one ravenous maternal instinct. "She believed that the fact of having this child constituted a claim upon all the world. That whatever she did for its sake was fully justified. Because she loved it, she was licensed to take what she could for it, by any and all means to secure advantages for it. A sort of divine license given only to mothers, so that they could do no wrong; an unlimited indulgence." She proceeds at once to make use of this indulgence. Poor Lionel, choked by her clinging arms, goes almost completely to the dogs. Minnie realizes that something must be done. She takes the child and goes back to Brownsville Landing were she poses as a widow and gets a place as housekeeper for Mr. Petersen, a big, calm, intelligent Swede, who used to be their grandmother's unpaid landlord. The grandmother is long dead, and Frances has left for parts unknown. Minnie feels quite safe. Mr. Petersen soon proposes marriage to her, and she accepts, trusting to what her instinct tells her that this is the only way she can secure the money she needs for her beloved Lionel and their child.

Lionel turns up intending to denounce her, but, crushed by her infallible righteousness, stays on in Mr. Petersen's household. He is there when Minnie's child by Mr. Petersen is born. Things are rather in a muddle. Minnie's faithful but irrational housekeeping have made a pigsty of the immaculate Swedish house, and a despairing man of the calm Swede. Lionel wants to "rehabilitate" himself by going to the war, and Minnie threatens to kill herself if he does. Into this muddle Frances comes like a clean straight stroke of lightning, and in the thunderstorm that follows it looks as if Minnie's mischief might be undone. Lionel goes to enlist, Minnie leaves precipitately, and the two innocent children are left with Mr. Petersen and Frances who takes miraculous care of them. Mr. Petersen and Frances marry, but not, as a banal novelist would have made them, for love. Theirs is a friendly alliance for the sake of the children. And then Minnie comes back, led by her wolfish maternal instinct. She stabs her sister and former "husband" with her legal claim to the children and takes them away, after having extracted a rich cheque from the still susceptible Mr. Petersen. He and Frances never fall in love with each other; they lead a decent, weary life. Lionel dies of tuberculosis.

But Minnie goes on invincibly. With the money she continues to squeeze out of Petersen she starts a boarding-house in New York. There Petersen finds her when he comes to see his son. He never comes again. Minnie has neglected her daughter so that she is near consumption, and her unlimited indulgence has made a fat lazy slug of the boy. And she sits on the wrecks of five lives, plump and contentedly respectable, secure in the knowledge that she has always acted "for the best," that is, according to her sanctified instincts.

Invincible Minnie seems to be Mrs. Holding's first book. It has various minor faults. The scourge of revision has not been ruthlessly enough applied, and the style is marred here and there by a loose carelessness. The method of telling large chunks of each character's life,—leaving one in suspended curiosity about the others, is a little annoying, but quite legitimate. What makes one indifferent to these defects is her marvellous ability to record and analyze Minnie. Minnie may not be the artistic equal of Becky Sharp, but she is far nearer our common experience. So intense is Mrs. Holding's concentration on this portrait that the others are a little blurred. Frances is not much more than a pleasant brightness. Mrs. Holding even gets pessimistic about her. In one of her few amateurish "asides" she exclaims, "Perhaps those others with hearts, with brains, with souls, are not true women, only the freaks of nature."

This is an appalling "perhaps," and one not worthy of a book so unhysterical. There is no need to moralize about Minnie. She *is* a true woman, a true cave-woman, and having met her all we can say is for God's sake let's hurry up and educate her into a human being. She mustn't be encouraged by having sentimentality poured over her vices, and neither must her existence be denied. That is where the man-hating feminist makes her mistake. Minnie is the very core of the "woman" problem. Miss Holding has done an immense service by isolating a complete specimen of a Minnie and taking us right to the end of her unharnessed instincts. The results are not often so clear, and the specimens are seldom so complete. The Minnies are often neat, often beautiful, often have a little actual intelligence mixed with their craftiness, and they are not easily avoided by the unsophisticated. But sooner or later, like the devil's hoof, they give themselves away. They demand chivalry not because they may be weak, but because they are women. They trade on their womanhood. Crimes, lies, indecencies, and "the horrible doctrine of expediency," they justify if they can only creep under

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the umbrella of their instincts, their "womanly" instincts.

Not all women are Minnies, any more than every man is a cave-man, but more men have progressed a civilized distance from the cave. It doesn't matter whose fault it is that women have not; it only matters to begin walking. The first step is realization, and Mrs. Holding's book is a good long step.

SIGNE TOKSVIG.

The History of Trade Unionism

The History of Trade Unionism, by Sidney and Beatrice Webb. New York: Longmans Green & Co.

JOHN Stuart Mill has somewhere debated with his characteristic honesty upon the possibilities of an educational test for the right to vote. He pointed out how ignorant is the average elector of the plainest matters of public concern, how little he seeks to know those less than obvious currents by which, in nine clear cases out of ten, the real history of a nation is moulded. The test, we know, is impossible; but few who read Mr. and Mrs. Webb's book will find it easy to avoid the feeling that a knowledge of it is part of that indispensable basis for citizenship that Mill had in view. To praise this book has become superfluous now. At the time of its first publication it at once took its place as a fundamental contribution to English social organization; and the passing of the years has only deepened that original impression. In solidity of knowledge, in massiveness of generalization, in the firm grasp of complex details, Mr. and Mrs. Webb have certainly no superiors and possibly no equals. If they lack any single quality, it is an inability to make the institution reflect the men who build it. The kind of insight into personality which Mr. Wallas and Mr. Hammond possess has to find its compensation in a real genius for the measurement of institutions. Yet, where there is so much, it is simple ingratitude to ask for more.

The new edition of the History is almost a new book. Brought to the very threshold of immediate events, it displays in their analysis, the same clarity of judgment, the same grasp of the facts, by which the older issue was distinguished. If the note is a little more eager than of old, one has to remember that Mr. and Mrs. Webb have something akin to a triumph to record. The thirty years' growth since their last edition has made the trade unions one of the two or three really fundamental elements in the English state. They have triumphed not merely over the legal instruments of reaction such as the decisions in the Taff Vale and Osborne cases. They have won a solid political position which makes them inevitably destined to an ultimate control of industrial life. In its political aspect, as the Labor party, the trade unions have captured the imagination not merely of the working-class but also of all that is most idealistic in English intelligence. Labor, that is to say, is a party strong enough to assume an unceasing offensive; and anyone who reads the evidence before the Royal Commission on the Coal Industry will literally be driven to the admission that the normal case for its opponents stands condemned by the very evidence produced in their support. No one who surveys the field can doubt where the future lies.

Yet it is part of the essential fairness of Mr. and Mrs. Webb that they do not hesitate to insist upon the weaknesses of the movement. During the last thirty years the trade unions have done little relative to the need for competent internal administration. Most of their officers are still underpaid and without the expert assistance to which they are entitled. The cohesiveness of the labor movement is still sadly to seek; jurisdictional disputes show too little signs of diminution. The ideal of a general staff for labor is still largely unrealized. The Trade Union Congress has hardly moved from its old and largely worthless position of a body gravely debating motions from which it is useless to expect political results. The members chosen to represent labor in Parliament are still too largely drawn from the old-type officials who are rarely apt to parliamentary business or, if they are, must inevitably neglect their trade-union functions. Not enough has been done, save by the miners, carefully to think out the essential relations between trade unionism and the state. Little or no thought has been seriously expended upon the possibilities and the defects of the cooperative movement. Labor, like the rest of the world, cries out to heaven for intellectual inventiveness. Not, indeed, that it is not seeking to meet the challenge of the times in terms of new ideals. The interest of Labor in guild socialism, the scheme put forward by Mr. Straker for the control of the mines, the still more recent developments in the building industry, are all evidence that here, as elsewhere, a crisis is always the mother of creative novelty. But what is clearly needed is a far broader attempt to bring home these problems to the rank and file, a deeper sympathy for kindred struggles in other lands, than is at present the case.

Nothing is more admirable in Mr. and Mrs. Webb's book than the twenty last pages in which the implications of this position are suggested. Democracy in England is, as they point out, still in its first, fitful beginnings. The very meaning of democratic institutions is still largely unknown to those who stand on the threshold of their inheritance. It is therefore not merely inevitable that a high degree of inefficient management should be the result, but also that the aspect of man most largely suppressed in preceding centuries—that of a producer—should be emphasized to the exclusion of other and hardly less urgent factors. The problem, as they suggest, is far more complex than the advocates of each different panacea are prepared to admit. Indeed, it becomes the more probable as investigation proceeds that no single solution will be found for the tangled and interwoven whole with which we are presented. Nationalization, in one or other of its varied forms, is practicable now in such simple public utilities as coal and transportation. In more complex industries, like cotton and the garment trades, a direct admission of an obvious and inevitable path is far more difficult. As Mr. and Mrs. Webb point out, the past history of associations of producers does not give us the right to proceed wholeheartedly. Not that they see a solution in its antithesis. The cooperative movement has still to satisfy the deepest impulses towards control of its own workers. In neither aspect have discoveries been made of the way in which the grave defects of corporate selfishness may, in guild socialism, for instance, be mitigated. Nor has the problem of internal discipline been at all adequately met. Lord Haldane, in his superb evidence before the Coal Commission, showed beyond refutation that ultimate governmental responsibility must be personal and not conciliar; and it appears that the recent experience of the Soviet government of Russia points in a similar direction. The technical problems, whether of politics or administration, that are here involved have still to be met by the purveyors of novelties. And from their recent writings it may well be

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suggested that the problems are more difficult than they know.

A last comment may be made. The new part of this volume confirms, if confirmation were needed, the unchallengeable primacy possessed by Mr. and Mrs. Webb among authorities on English labor. There has been lamentable tendency among some of the younger school to treat with indignation the sober and patient way in which Mr. and Mrs. Webb move towards their goal. In the case, particularly, of the guild socialists this indignation has deepened into undisguised hostility. No one who takes interest in political science will for a moment be inclined to doubt the suggestiveness of guild socialism. No one, either, who analyzes its character will for one moment doubt that its essential doctrines are made possible only by the labors of Mr. and Mrs. Webb. Nor will the guild socialists make their way until, whether in their treatment of economics or of politics, they can show the same accuracy in the facts, the same width of knowledge, the same historical perspective, that Mr. and Mrs. Webb display. The difference between them is at this point profound. It is the kind of difference most obviously displayed in the evidence of Mr. Webb, on the one hand, and of Mr. Cole upon the other, before Mr. Justice Sankey's Commission. In the history of English labor during the past thirty years Mr. and Mrs. Webb occupy a position which is simply beyond detraction. Their services have been incomparable to a degree which an American will be better able to appreciate when some gifted observer undertakes a kindred labor for this country. Great Britain has been fortunate that the most complex of her problems should have fallen into such competent hands.

H. J. L.

The Modern Primitive

Noa Noa, by Paul Gauguin, translated from the French by O. F. Theis. New York: Nicholas L. Brown.

ARTHUR SYMONS says of Balzac, that "a hundred years is a long time in which to be misunderstood with admiration." Paul Gauguin bids fair to run Balzac a close second for this honor unconsciously granted the great man by the mob. The wrapper speaks of Noa Noa as "a legend of the Homeric stamp . . . told out of the author's great child-like heart." And these are the qualities commonly supposed to be Gauguin's. But is he Homeric, and is his heart child-like? Does he return from his wanderings to tell of direct passions, and of deeds heroic in their simplicity?

On the title-page, he has placed a line from Baudelaire's Le Voyage; "Dites, qu-avez-vous vu?" and this quotation stirs in one's memory echoes of the poem:

Des costumes qui sont pour les yeux une ivresse,
Des femmes dont les dents et les ongles sont teints,
Et des jongleurs savants que le serpent caresse . . .

and of the last line:

Au fond de l'Inconnu pour trouver du *nouveau*.

It is of these that he returns to tell. Beautiful as are these exotic images, they are neither primitive nor Homeric; and Gauguin's paintings and his book are of the same school. His heart was not child-like, neither was his mind primitive.

Noa Noa is Gauguin's account of his visit to the Tahitian Islands, written in a loose, vivid prose, and rendered into loose near-English. Throughout the book it is clear that he regards the Tahitians through the eyes of a Parisian. To assimilate this oriental dish, he uses a knife and fork of occidental manufacture.

In Tehura, his temporary, native wife, he finds all the complexities of a Parisian courtesan. His intellect, trained to analyze the intellectual subtlety of the occidental cocotte, it baffled by the purely intuitive subtlety of the oriental woman. Gauguin is nothing if not intellectual, and he devotes the latter half of the book to a more or less detailed study of her character, confusing her direct passion with all sorts of western complexities.

Finally, he returns to France. "Imperative family affairs (*sic*) called me back. . . . I am leaving, older by two years, but twenty years younger; more *barbarian* than when I arrived, and yet much *wiser*."

There is the root of the whole matter: he wanted to be a barbarian, but a wise one. Gauguin was a great artist; he was wise; he was no barbarian.

Primitivism, whatever it may have been for Matisse and Van Gogh, was for him, a thing apart: a phenomenon far removed from the reality of his life, and one that in no way altered his mental attitude. His mind and his art had been trained in a city infinite in its sophistication, and at a time when flourished Impressionism, a movement based on the adroit detection and expression of finest shades of thought and feeling. The post-impressionists, drowning in this sea of split hairs, clutched at the straw of a New Art, an art based on a monumental simplicity of subject and treatment. In Tahiti, Gauguin found the material he sought, but he brought to it a mind saturated with the ennui of the West. He went to Tahiti to search the extraneous vigor and the surface simplicity that would drug his art with the semblance of a power that it lacked. True to the thought of the last line of Baudelaire's poem, he plunged into the depths of the Unknown to find the New. And he found the New and carried it back to Europe in the shape of many paintings, wonderful in their intellectual and decadent sophistication.

There are ten reproductions of these paintings in Noa Noa. Of them but one even approaches the primitive. In this one, Girls under Trees, the simplicity of subject is less aggressive, and the simplicity of treatment, more so, than is usual in Gauguin, thus attaining a balance that has about it something of the power and directness of the true primitive. In all the other paintings, Gauguin's claim to elemental force must rest entirely on his subjects, and on his intentions; even his composition shows sophistication.

Of the ten reproductions in the book, the one called Girl with Fan is easily the finest. The arm, the hands, and the shoulders are all splendid. But the face, and the startling bull's-eye on the fan—so skillfully placed—betray poor Gauguin's primitivism. The eyes are worthy of Botticelli, and the girl's mouth would have driven Pater to despair. The whole face radiates sophistication, in fact the whole picture does so, excepting only the hands. (Gauguin always drew crude hands, of the earth earthy; they were for him a trade-mark stamping his work elemental.) Barring her hands, the Girl with Fan is a sort of supersensitive, brooding Carmen. We may be sure that this was not in his model, but in Gauguin's reflection of her.

The condition of the true primitive demands an objective and prophetic grasp of the essentials of a future art. Six thousand years ago, men reached out of the chaos of darkness and primeval ignorance, and drew upon stone, pictures conceived and expressed with so prophetic a vision that they stand today as vital and as powerful as then. They contained the essentials.

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JOHN DEWEY
Asks
"What Holds China Back?"

"It may strike the western reader as simply funny," he says, "but more than one Chinese friend has assured me that it is the Japanese people who are really conservative . . . . . They point out, for example, that a thousand years ago the Japanese borrowed their present style of clothing and of household furnishing, of sitting and sleeping on mats, from China: that China has changed several times, moving constantly in the direction of practical utility, of ingenious adaptation of means to needs."

This is part of a most unusual article. Read it in the current issue of

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This statement of the condition of the true primitive is open to denial by those who take an evolutionary view of the origin and development of art. But this denial will not affect the course of our argument. For, admitting, then, that the true primitive is not actually prophetic of a future art, one is bound to agree that the pre-historic drawings were, at any rate, conceived and executed with such power, and with so sure a perception of the nature of man and of art, that thirty centuries of development have not been able to break with, or deny, their elemental statement.

In Matisse and Van Gogh there was a certain attitude of mind, an objectivity of conception and a baldness of statement, that were, in some respects, primitive. One is less conscious of their personalities in their work, than one is with Gauguin. Matisse labored under the burden of as cumulative a technique as did Gauguin, but he mastered and restrained this retrospective technical equipment far more successfully than the author of Noa Noa. And a technique of conception and expression, based on thirty centuries of experimentation and refinement, a technique with its eyes in the back of its head, is a burden and a hindrance to a "Primitive."

Van Gogh approached more closely than either of his fellow-workers, to the condition of the Elemental; a fact due largely to the deficient technique which enabled him to attain a more objective conception and a more groping expression than either Gauguin or Matisse. Yet he, writing to E. Bernard, says: "A Greek statue, a peasant by Millet, a Dutch portrait, a naked woman by Courbet or Degas; it is beside the serene and elaborate perfection of these things that the Primitives and the Japanese seem only like written characters as compared with painting." Gauguin makes no such bald admission as this in Noa Noa. Less primitive, more intellectual, than Van Gogh, he was sufficiently self-conscious to avoid so naïve a confession. But throughout his book and his painting it is clear that his eyes were fixed on the past.

Post-impressionism was an attempted reutterance of ancient words of wisdom, in the light of after-days. And it is as a reutterance that it must ultimately take its place; a reutterance, strikingly individual, but coming with far less power and with far less authority than that of Blake. Its influence on future art will be proportionate: something more than that of impressionism, something less than that of Blake,—something far less than that of cubism. It was a restatement of an ancient truth from which Art had perhaps wandered; nevertheless a restatement merely, though veiled in the glamor and radiance shed by Holbein, Michael Angelo, and Leonardo.

With the staff of materialism in one hand, and the binoculars of science in the other, we have staggered far, along the road of civilization. But the staff is becoming shaky, and the binoculars are clouded with the dirt left by their own discoveries. Looking into them, we see, not our goal, but the history of our past progress. It seems clear that, in the near future, we must wipe them clean with the rag of chaos, and, rid of this litter left by an uninspired science, glance again at our goal.

Cubism is a foretaste of the chaos that is coming. In the period immediately preceding the creation of the true primitive, there must have been some such stammering utterance as cubism, some such reaching out, half-blind, toward a new medium, some such groping for a new technique. Out of the welter of what is to succeed cubism, will arise an artist, not one who, like Van Gogh, Matisse, and Gauguin, will retell an antique tale in a novel way, but one who, with a new vision, a new attitude of mind, a new technique, will project upon canvas, paintings of so overwhelming a power that they will direct and govern the development of Art for another sixty centuries. For him let us reserve the word "Primitive."

W. J. K.

This Side of Paradise, by F. Scott Fitzgerald. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE collected works of F. Scott Fitzgerald published in novel form under the title of This Side of Paradise make an astonishing and refreshing book. Following in general technique what we might call the Impressionistic Novel shadowed forth in James Joyce's Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man and to a lesser degree in Pio Baroja's Caesar or Nothing, and with an acquisitive eye on Sinister Street and The Research Magnificent—but without the obesity of the one or the pomposity of the other,—Mr. Fitzgerald has recorded with a good deal of felicity and a disarming frankness the adventures and developments of a curious and fortunate American youth.

The book is fundamentally honest and if the intellectual and spiritual analyses are sometimes tortuous and the nomenclature bewildering to those not intimate with collegiate invention, it is nevertheless delightful and encouraging to find a novel which gives us in the accurate terms of intellectual honesty a reflection of American undergraduate life. At last the revelation has come. We have the constant young American occupation—the "petting party"—frankly and humorously in our literature.

There are other things, too, though they are less typical of contemporary youth. In the attitude not only toward the war but generally throughout the book the unfortunate fetish of the marching feet and the stationary brains is avoided. This is not a book of the "he-man," of the college-poster monstrosity, of the literary slumming Pollyanna girl and the blazer athlete hero. It is not dependent for its attraction upon biological excellence or cinema badness; it is an amusing and sometimes disconcertingly realistic investigation of a sensitive mind growing up in our own present-day civilization.

Musings concerning autobiographical detail and apologies for the author's youth are better omitted. The book has its faults, though they in general represent virtues in our other novels. Some of the incidental poems are delightful, but others sound like the phantasies of a metaphoric weather bureau with a penchant for eternally predicting rain. A constant striving after fine manners and good breeding defeats its end by becoming frantic and an intellectual nouveau riche is hinted at. Although the story is composed of discrete incidents in the most modern tendency, with the gaps consciously acknowledged, the omissions are occasionally irritating and a more obvious unity than that of the spiritual and intellectual metamorphoses of Amory Blaine (subject to change without notice) would contribute to the solidity and importance of the book.

R. V. A. S.

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